

Sindy

annual
1983



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COFFEE TIME CHAT

Sindy knows that an eye-catching but practical outfit is just the ticket for relaxing in when friends drop by for some mid-morning coffee and a chat. Her up-to-the-minute red cord jacket with matching shoes, hits just the right note of casual elegance. Sindy's cosy coffee mornings are

popular not just because she serves scrumptious home-made chocolate cake, though! Her deep, comfortable armchairs and sofa with that stylish button padding are much appreciated after a busy morning looking for bargains at the shops!

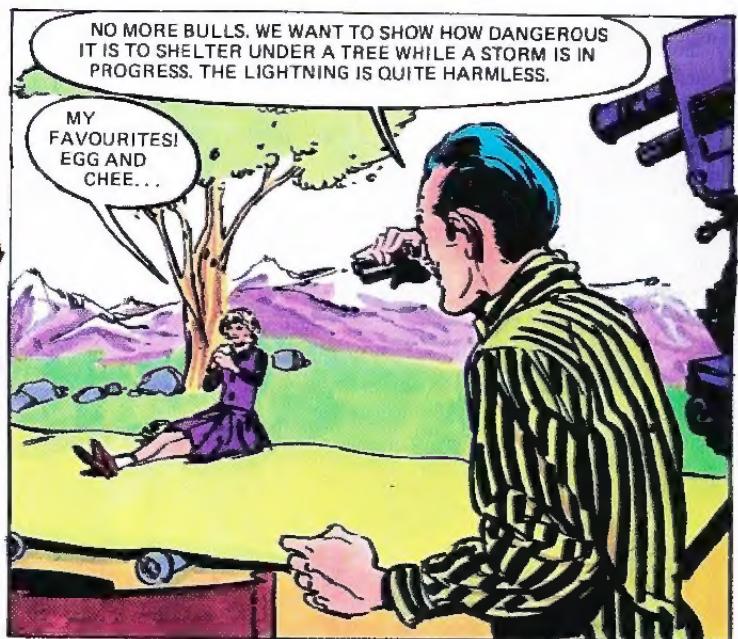
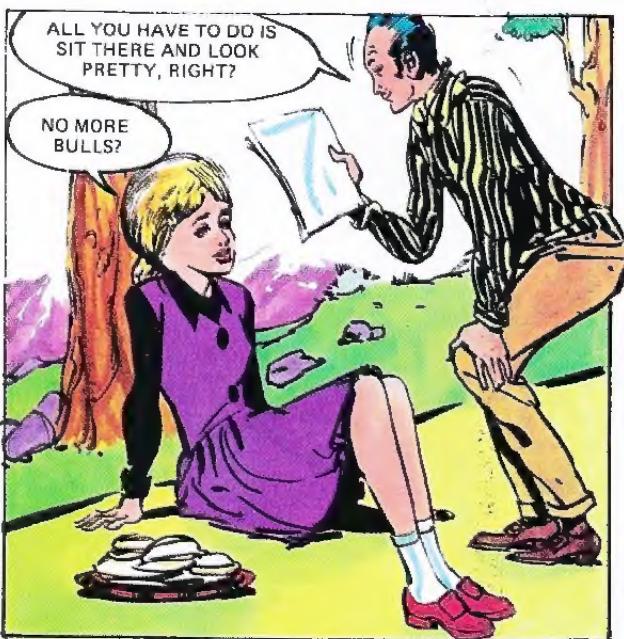
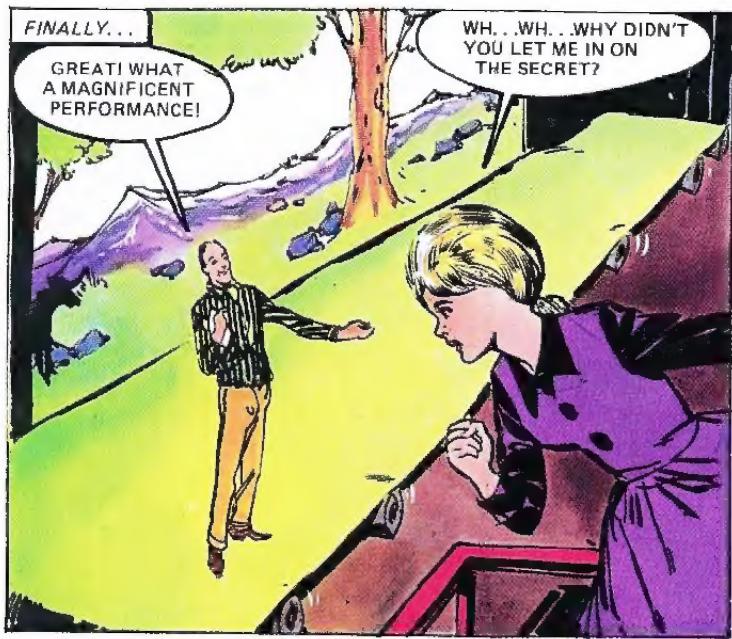
£2.50

Sindy's Disaster Day

WHEN SHE WAS NOT RUNNING HER BOUTIQUE SHOP, SINDY OFTEN DID MODELLING. SHE LEFT ALL HER BOOKINGS TO HER AGENT, BOB ARMSTRONG, WHO PHONED HER ONE DAY TO TELL HER THAT HE HAD A NEW JOB FOR HER.



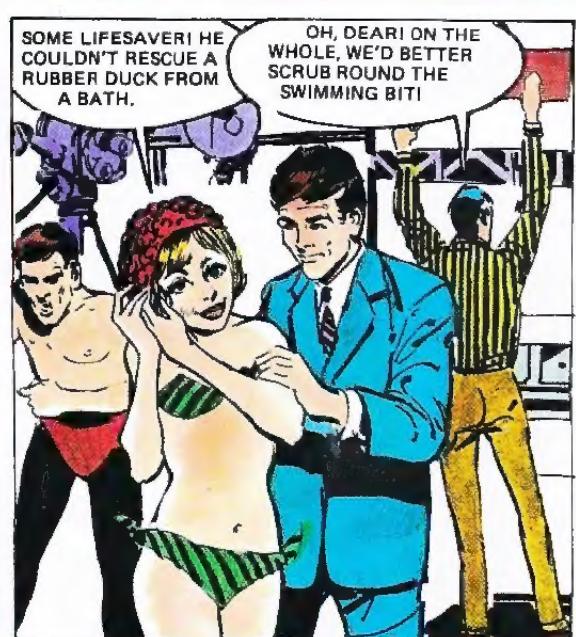


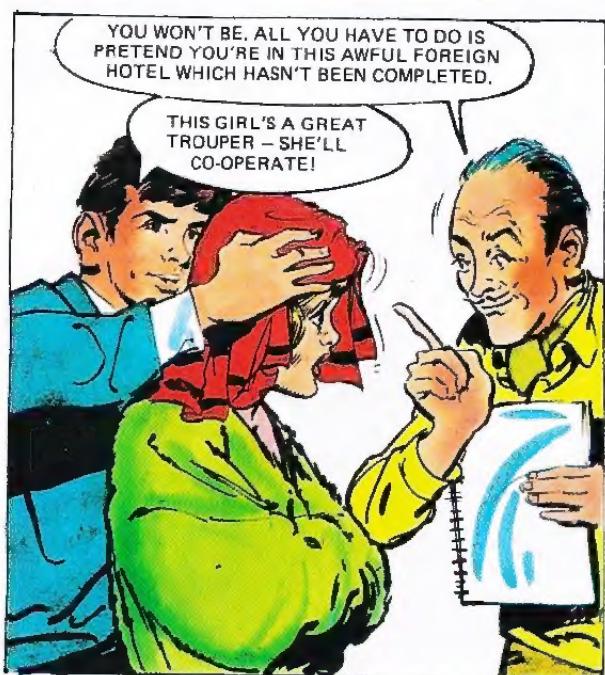
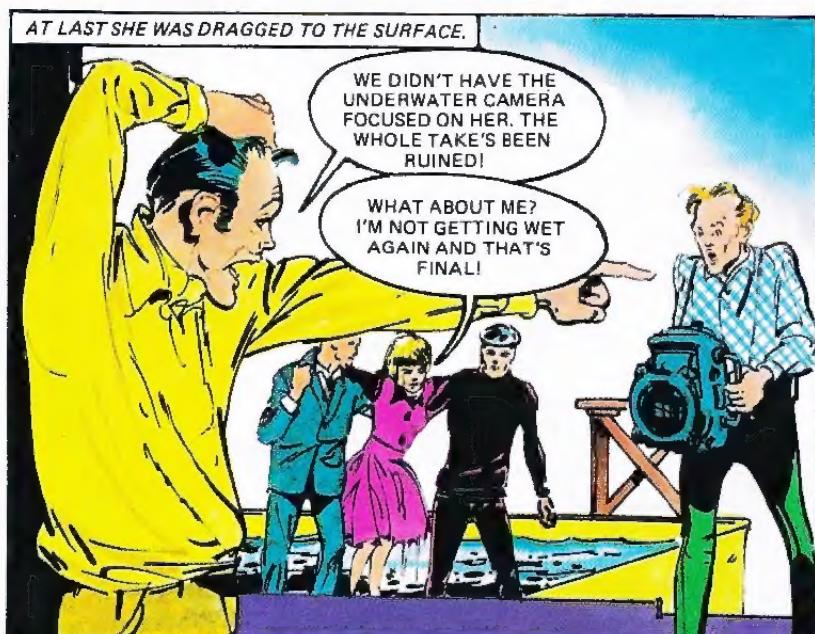
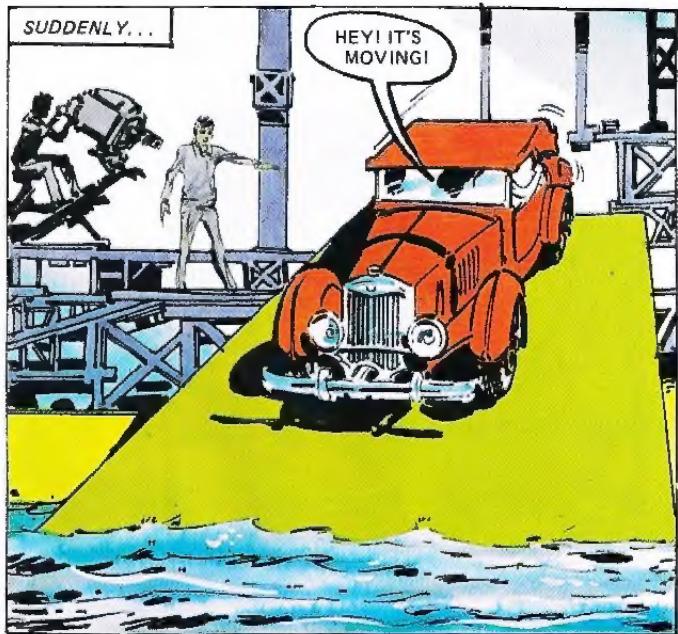


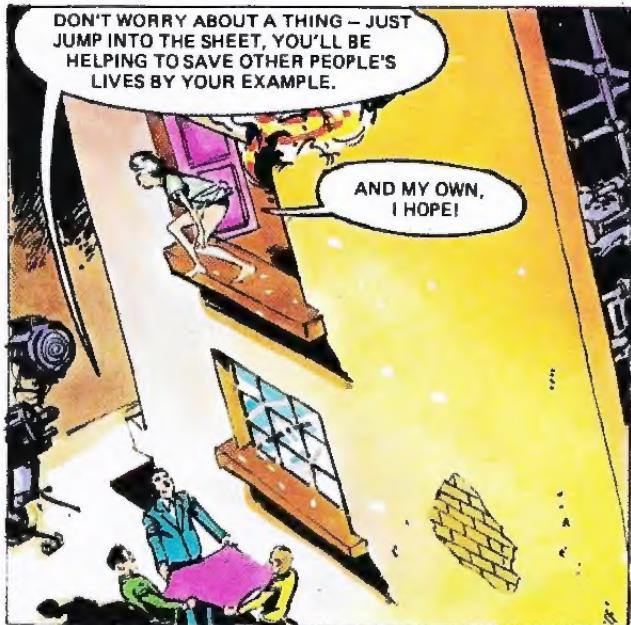
THE NEXT EPISODE CALLED FOR SINDY TO APPEAR IN SWIMMING COSTUME.



SINDY NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO GO DOWN EVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME.







DINING IN STYLE

Sindy's luxurious dining room with its elegant table and chairs is the perfect setting for a candlelit meal for four. When the guests arrive, she is ready in one of her beautiful gowns to greet them with a tray of ice-cold drinks. Of course, having an up-to-the-minute cooker with an automatic oven timer leaves her free to relax and chat to her guests

without having to keep dashing off into the kitchen to make sure that the food isn't burning! And when Sindy isn't using her beautiful china and glass to serve her sensational food on, she can display them to perfection on the shelves of her handsome cream cabinet for all to see and admire.





The Great Outdoors

Being an outdoor girl at heart, Sindy loves to hitch up a caravan to her zippy yellow buggy car and zoom off along the quiet lanes for a peaceful camping holiday far away from the noise and bustle of the town. All that healthy, fresh air soon puts a rosy glow in her cheeks! If friends come along, they can be kept warm

and snug in Sindy's inflatable tent and quilted sleeping bags. And, of course, Sindy never forgets to pack the picnic chairs and tables for their camp-fire meals. Setting up camp in the 'great outdoors' certainly seems to sharpen everyone's appetite!

WHAT HARRY DID...



HARRY the hamster burned with a consuming ambition; to see what lay beyond the confines of his roomy cage in the garden shed; to have a look at the great big world outside!

One evening he escaped! Eagerly the hamster set out to explore. Suddenly he pulled up with a jerk. For there, stalking through the shed door, with a nasty "I-see-you" gleam in her eyes, came the family cat!

Panic-stricken, the hamster scuttled away, squeezing his furry body behind some old packing-cases in a corner of the shed. There he paused, tense and alert. He could hear Puss sniffing on the other side of the cases but she was too big to follow him. Harry relaxed a little and presently, to his vast relief, the cat moved away.

Then Harry found a hole. From it came a familiar sort of smell. Harry squeezed into it, not knowing that it was a mouse hole.

It was very dark under the shed floor. And round him came stirrings and scufflings. Suddenly he saw a pair of pink eyes. Then another — and another. In a minute the hamster was surrounded.

Harry hadn't a clue as to who these fellows were and he did not realise that he had walked uninvited into their home. They smelt like himself, but more strongly; they looked like him, but were smaller. Now, with eyes accustomed to the gloom, he saw them — and they didn't look friendly!

Harry tried grinning at them, thinking this might be a good way of introducing himself, but they seemed to think he was pulling faces and looked more unfriendly than ever. Distinctly so, in fact! Harry began to feel rather nervous and opened his mouth to produce some chummy sort of sound but all he got was a croak which seemed to annoy them, so he turned and fled.

The shed was empty now and the door open. In panic, Harry scuttled across into the house. Fearing pursuit, he leapt on to the





banister rail and pattered up it. Now he found himself on a landing. In front of him was a ladder leading to the open attic. Harry bolted up the side of this and crouched, trembling, among dusty rafters. But he soon got over his fright and began to explore. He found a stack of old newspapers. Happily he set about tearing them into shreds and when he had made a mound of the pieces he burrowed down into them and went to sleep.

It was three hours later that he awoke. All was quiet. Sindy had gone to bed. In search of new adventures, Harry quested round until his nose touched a cold pipe. With his sharp, strong teeth he sampled it and peeled a slice clean away from it. It was a lead pipe, connected to the water tank. But Harry, of course, didn't know that.



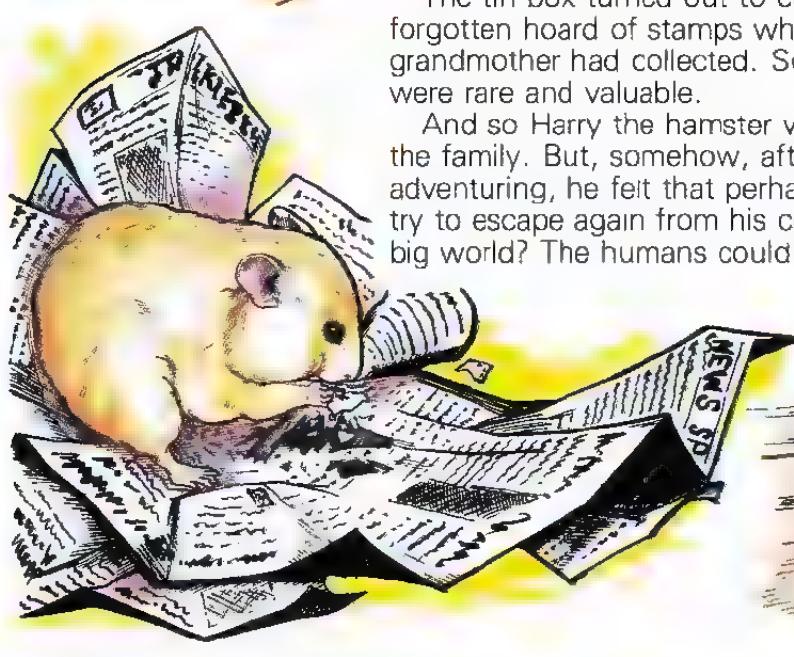
Deeper and deeper he bit into the pipe. It had to happen. Presently there was a hiss, and an amazed Harry found himself knocked back by a jet of water. The pipe broke and water gushed into the attic.

Sindy's parents slept in the room beneath the broken pipe. They awoke suddenly under the impression that they were in a thunderstorm! One look at the ceiling told them all. As they leapt from bed, down came the ceiling in a welter of water and plaster. With it came a long flat box, and a very wet little hamster.



For the next half hour there was pandemonium in the house, as the leak was stopped and the water mopped up. Harry was taken back to his cage and threatened with all sorts of dire fates on the morrow. But Harry was never punished because, unknowingly, he had done the family a good turn.

The tin box turned out to contain a forgotten hoard of stamps which Sindy's grandmother had collected. Some of them were rare and valuable.



And so Harry the hamster was the hero of the family. But, somehow, after his night's adventuring, he felt that perhaps he wouldn't try to escape again from his cosy cage. The big world? The humans could keep it . . .

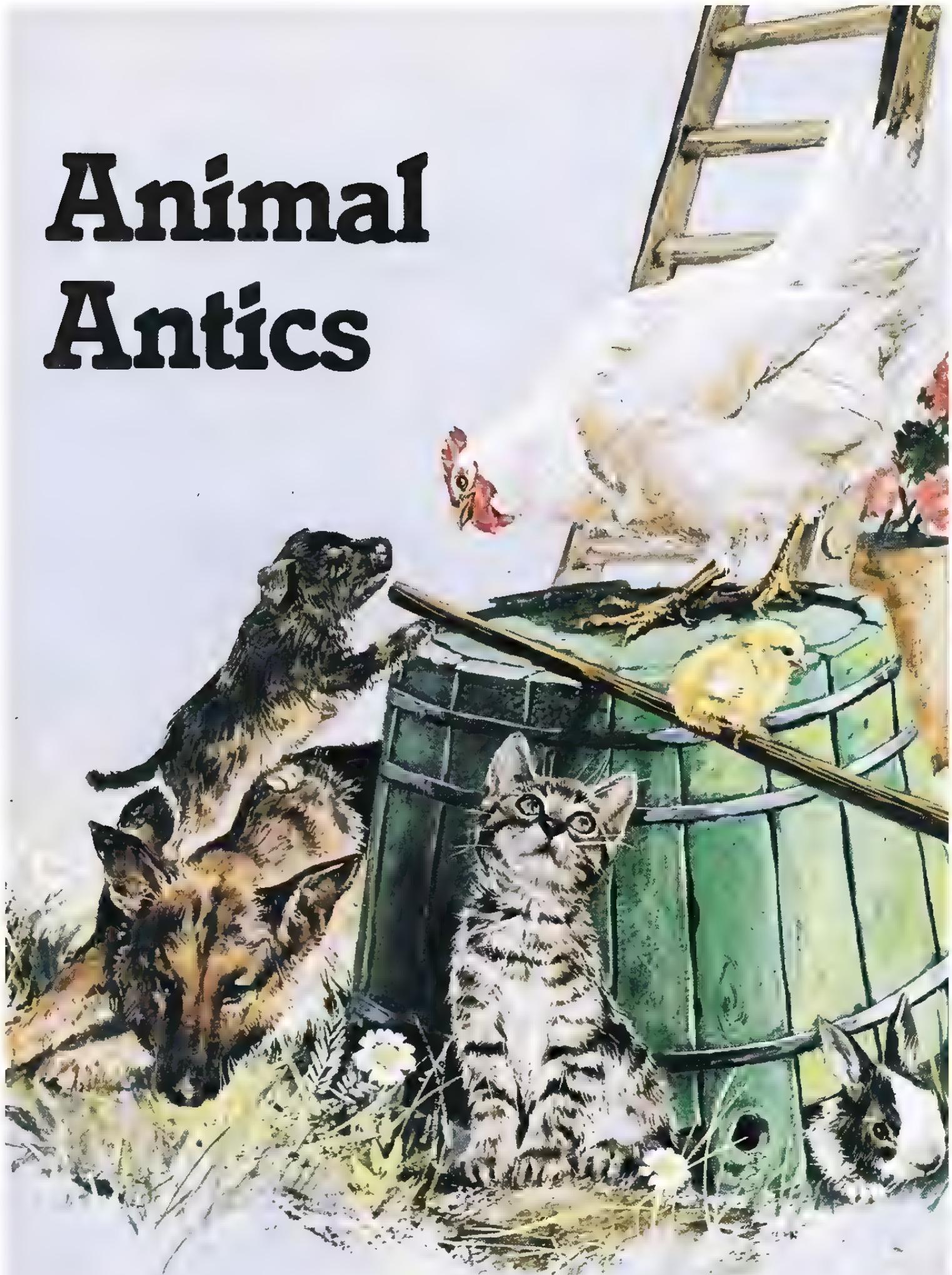




*Don't let us get too near, my son,
Just listen to your Dad.
Perhaps they think they're having fun
But I'm not sure, my lad.*

*They seem a funny crowd to me,
So let's not stick our heads
In such a tatty company,
'Cos we are thoroughbreds!*

Animal Antics



BELT UP!



Some smashing belts in exciting designs for you to make. The top one is a tie-belt made from a strip of plain knitting sewn into a tube, with woollen tassels at the ends. The second belt is of coloured webbing, trimmed with tips used on shoes, and small metal washers – with a hinge for a fastener! This hinge is the sort used on lift-off doors. The section with the screw holes is straightened – and held on to the belt with buttons sewn into the screw holes. The third belt is made from a strip of plain knitting and trimmed with curtain rings. The fourth belt is two large dog collars buckled together. The belt the girl is wearing . . . that's webbing again with sewn-on string for decoration, and duffel coat toggles for clasps.



FAMOUS SAYINGS FROM *Sindy*

How did those well-known sayings begin? Here are a few explanations.

BAKER'S DOZEN

A "baker's dozen" consists of thirteen articles. Many years ago when there were complaints about bakers giving short measure, it was agreed that bakers should throw in an extra cake or pastry as make weight. That is why thirteen of anything became known as a "baker's dozen".



INDIAN FILE

Walking in "Indian File" means walking one behind the other. The American Indians walked in this fashion when they went on expeditions and each warrior put his footprints into the ones ahead of him so that nobody could check numbers.



LICKING INTO SHAPE

To "lick into shape" arose from a legendary idea that bear cubs were born shapeless, and were licked into the shapes of bears by the mother.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

This expression means "this or nothing". Tobias Hobson, an innkeeper, once lived in Cambridge, and he kept a stable with horses for hire. Those who wished to hire a horse had to take the one next to the door, so that all the horses were used and all comers were served alike and, in fact, had no choice at all.



AS THE CROW FLIES

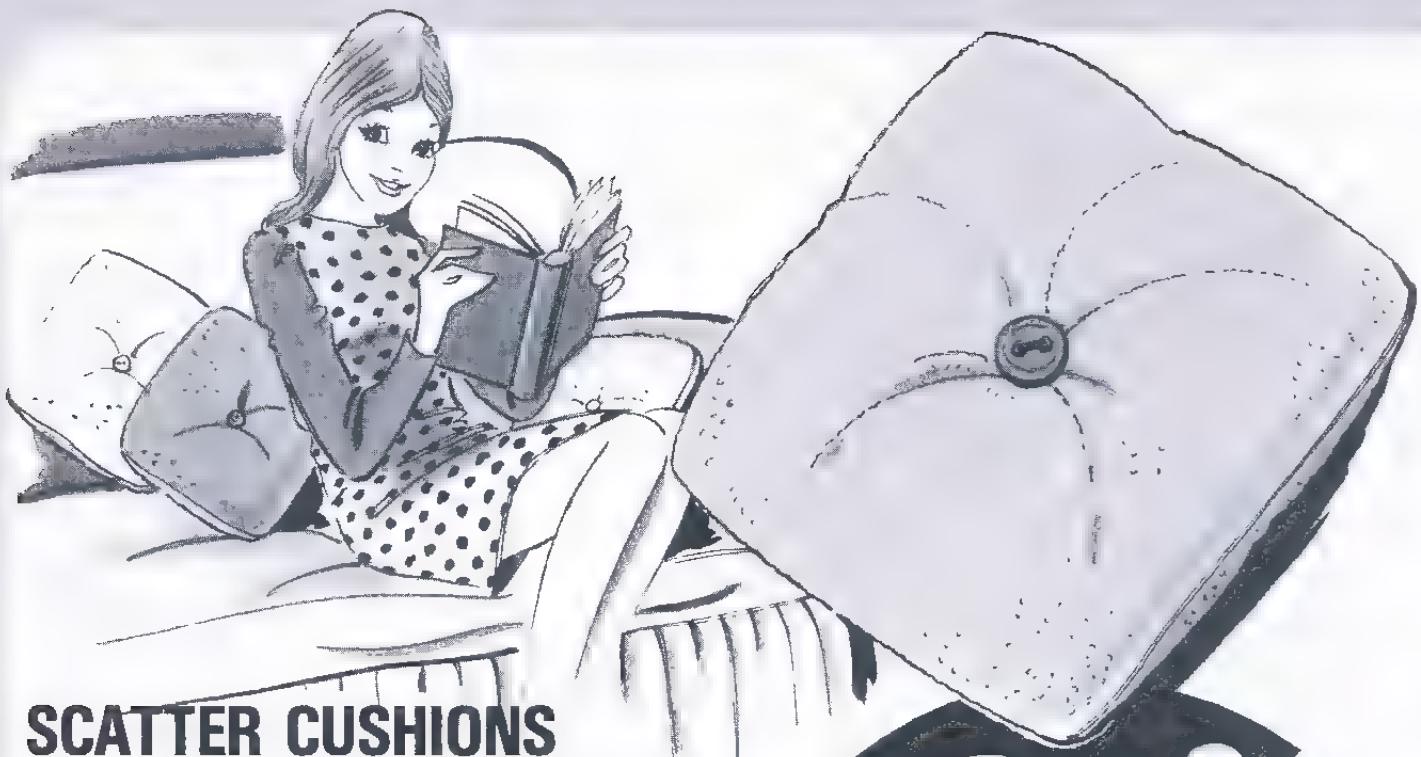
- is the shortest distance between two points — as a crow would make a straight flight. And a "bee-line", too, means the same thing.



BRASS FARTHING

The saying "not to care a brass farthing" arose from the fact that James II issued a series of worthless pennies, halfpennies, and farthings. And his brass farthings came to be associated with anything that had no value.





SCATTER CUSHIONS

For scatter cushions for your bedroom or to give away, why not use face flannels? They are brightly coloured, washable and soft and half-made for you. They can be bought very cheaply. Choose perhaps a plain and a patterned one for reversing, but make sure they are exactly the same size. Mostly they measure around 355.500mm square. Stitch round the edges which are already neaten, leaving a hole for stuffing. Kapok is best but foam chipping will do equally well. Do not fill too full, then after stitching up pull in the two sides at the middle with a button each side drawn together. And all that won't take you long!



FUN to MAKE

GIVE A MAGAZINE RACK

Many stores sell inexpensive plastic trellis mats for the kitchen. You can buy them in red which is a good Christmassy colour and you will need two. Tie them together along the long sides in four or more places and then open out the tops. Allowing 100mm or so opening where the magazines go in, tie coloured string or cord across in two places up each side to keep this distance safe. As the plastic is not rigid, bind a piece of stout wire or a thin garden bamboo along the two top edges with adhesive tape and then make a loop on the back mat, for hanging it up.

FOR YOUR BALL-POINT PEN

Ball is the operative word — for the ball-point pen sticks up in half a rubber ball. This means it can be kept by the phone and no one will steal it away, it's too large. One rubber ball (the hollow sort) will cut round the middle with a pair of sharp scissors. Also cut a very small hole in the upturned dome. Make it small for the rubber stretches when the pen is pushed in.

Now cut a small flat piece of wood larger than the ball, to weigh it down and glue the edges of the ball securely to it. Add a small screw-eye to one corner of the wood and tie on a length of string attached to the pen.



A FLASHY PRESENT

"Flashy" because it's made in a flash. You need a present in a hurry — so go out and buy a bright coloured tea towel. You can often buy "seconds". There are picture towels, floral ones and some in gay stripes, any will do. Buy also one 915mm of rufflette tape for curtains and 1½ metres of matching seam-binding which is stronger than ribbon, for ties.

All you have to do to transform this into a waist apron is to stitch on the rufflette tape an inch away from one long side. All the edges are already neatened for you. Stitch on half the tie to the end of the tape, draw up rufflette pulls till the apron is gathered to fit the waist.

A double present this — for when its duty is done as an apron you only need remove the tapes and it again becomes a kitchen tea towel.

Many ghosts are such nice "people". No one could complain about the best known and most often seen theatre ghost, the early 18th century gentleman in a long grey riding cloak, with a three-cornered hat on his powdered hair, and wearing riding boots. He sometimes carries the hat. You have to be told these details in case you ever see him at London's famous Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Theatre folk are the ones who have seen him most often down the years and they love him, for, if he appears before a show opens, the chances are that they have a success on their hands. It's happened time and again this century.

The ate W. Macqueen-Pope, who was in charge of Drury Lane's publicity office for many years and wrote the theatre's history, was one of the many to see the ghost — many times. He thought he knew who the phantom in grey might be.

In the last century a skeleton with a dagger stuck in it was found in a hollow in a bricked-up wall. Mr. Macqueen-Pope decided that this was the Man in Grey, a gentleman who, perhaps, had come up from his country estate, had visited the theatre and fallen in love with one of the actresses. Had a rival for her affections stabbed him to death — one of the actors maybe? It must have been someone who knew where a body could be hidden. The Man in Grey is usually in the front of the theatre, or in the audience, not backstage, so next time you go to Drury Lane, watch out for him. Of course, not everyone can see ghosts, but many can, so maybe you can, too!

Not that you'd like to meet some of the alleged occupants of an alleged secret chamber in Glamis Castle in Scotland, where our Queen Mother was brought up and Princess Margaret was born. Legend has it that King Duncan was murdered by Macbeth here — Shakespeare wrote his play around the story — but not in the secret chamber from which, so it is said, have emerged the shrieks and yells of a Wicked Earl who lost his soul to the Devil at a game of cards!

Of course, the shrieks may be

Cindy Takes Some Haun



The ghost of Drury Lane, the Man in Grey, is loved by all the theatre folk

coming from the Witch Lady, who practised black arts there. Actually, the poor woman, Lady Glamis, probably did no such thing, but she was accused of trying to kill James V by witchcraft and poison and was burnt alive for it. She would have every reason to haunt the place!

The occupants of a house in Wiscasset, Maine, U.S.A., are not so sympathetic about their ghost, Mother Dana, once the wife of the builder of the house, which dates back to 1800. This

ghost is also known as Lydia, and she's a menace.

The house was turned into a little restaurant and Lydia made the most of her opportunities! She was soon upsetting trays and spilling food, and she wrecked an important tea party by turning two teapots upside down! When she's not doing anything as bad as that she will move chairs about.

One of her nastiest habits has been pushing the proprietress, Dorothy Aggar downstairs. The poor lady soon got used to being almost permanently in plaster. Back in 1966, she was standing on a nice, solid footstool when it collapsed. The result? More plaster! Of course,

You to Ted Places

it is just possible that that particular "accident" wasn't Lydia's fault; possible, but unlikely!

Lydia, of course, is a wicked "woman", but she's not like something out of a nightmare. Such a phantom is the headless horseman said to enter the front door of Castle Sheela in County Limerick, Ireland, every Christmas night. As if that is not bad enough, the horse proceeds to carry its ghastly rider up the stairs!

Apparently, the headless horror is one Ormond Mallory, a wicked, wicked young man who owned the castle back in the 18th century. His mother, a Hungarian lady, warned her monstrous offspring that the villagers would wreak their revenge on him, then she went back to her homeland.

How right she was! Something very nasty happened at a hunt one Christmas Day on which, as it happened, Mama had unwisely returned from

Hungary. She must have been surprised that her Ormond had had a ramp built alongside the stairs so that his horse could go up to bed with him! The horse, at least, loved the brute.

A great party had been planned, but Ormond failed to appear. Around midnight — when else? — the horse was heard at the door waiting to be let in. The door was opened and the horrified guests saw first that it was streaked in blood, then that Ormond, minus his head, was tied to the one friend he had. Well, we had to have one nasty story!

But back to the theatre, or rather, several of them, for they tend to be the most haunted houses of all! The old Metropolitan Opera House in New York (a new one was opened in 1966, spookless as far as we know) had a very cheeky

An important tea-party was ruined as two teapots were turned upside down!



spirit, the ghost of a soprano of yesteryear called Frances Alda. She was a very fiery lady in her lifetime, often having rows with rivals, and she returned as a ghost to shout at today's singers that they were singing flat or sharp! She would nudge opera-goers to see if they agreed, rustle her programme, then vanish when someone tried to hush her up!

Another, nicer ghost has been known to help young players at Drury Lane. A young American actress, Betty Jo Jones, took over a part in that hit show of the 1940s, *Oklahoma*, but was not getting her laughs. Suddenly unseen hands guided her downstage and into a better angle. The same happened the next night when she forgot to move, and her performance blossomed. Another young American, Doreen Duke, was very frightened before having to sing for a part in *The King and I* in front of a few high-ups in the huge, otherwise empty theatre. Again unseen hands patted her and calmed her nerves — and patted her again for singing well. She got the job. Some say it may have been the kindly shade of the greatest clown who ever lived, Joseph Grimaldi, who often played in Drury Lane pantomimes nearly 200 years ago and always encouraged young talent.

And for our last theatre ghost, there is the shade of the unfortunate William Terriss, murdered by a mad actor in the narrow lane outside the back of London's Adelphi Theatre, after playing in *Secret Service* in 1897. His is a wandering spirit for, dressed in his black cloak and sombrero-like hat, he has been seen by people, who know nothing of his story, in that lane where he died in the arms of his leading lady, and also in other places nearby, including Covent Garden Underground Station! Several of the staff saw him in 1955.

Perhaps we should finish our spook tour with a reminder that in the Haunted Gallery at Hampton Court Palace you may catch a glimpse of poor Catherine Howard, the 5th wife of Henry VIII, who had her beheaded. But never fear — if you should see the poor girl, her head should be firmly on!

Would you like to draw

People look rather complicated don't they — with arms and legs and things. But they can be quite simple if you look at them the way someone did a long time ago....

he was looking at a pin

and as he looked
it grew arms



You can do a lot with

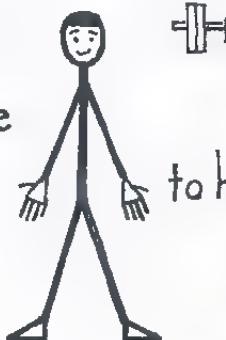
arms and legs — like walk...
(only you need feet to walk)

carry things...

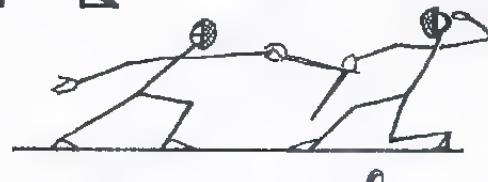
and think

Hands and feet are
very necessary

to hold things



But while pin men
(and women)
can do many things...

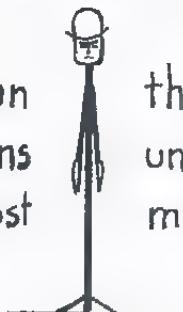


they can get into an
awful twist if they
start playing golf...

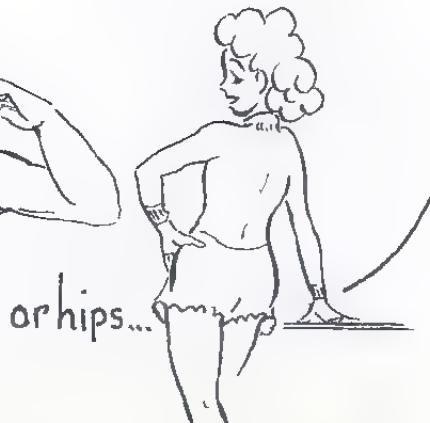
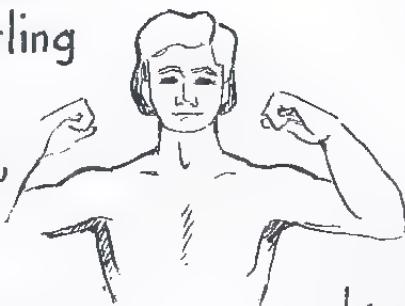


... or wrestling

but if our little man
stands with his arms
at his sides he almost
disappears....



this is because,
unlike you and
me, he has no
shoulders....



PEOPLE?

So why not give your pin men SHOULDERS....

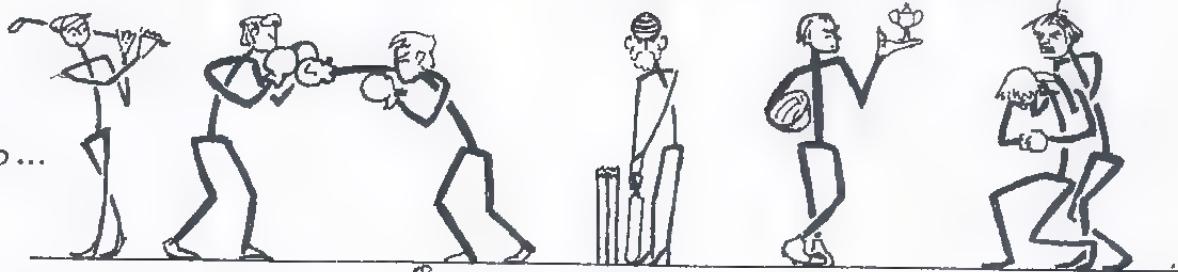
and HIPS...

now you can see how the little man is standing ...



...walking ... running

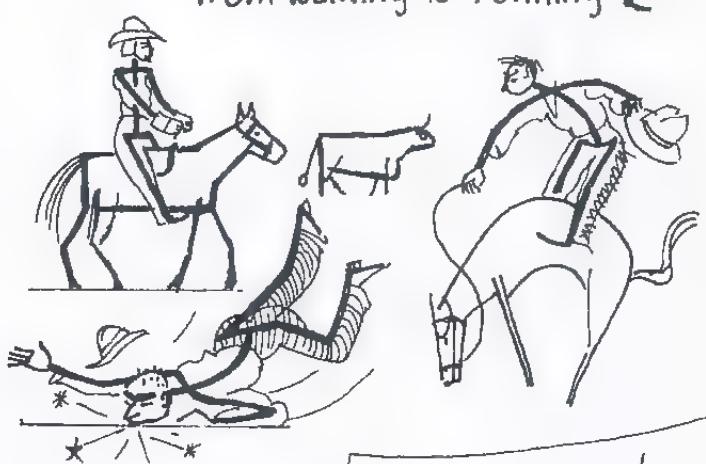
Anything you can do he can do too...



Remember that your backbone bends ...so must pinman's

see how he moves from from walking to running

The real fun begins when you dress your pin people



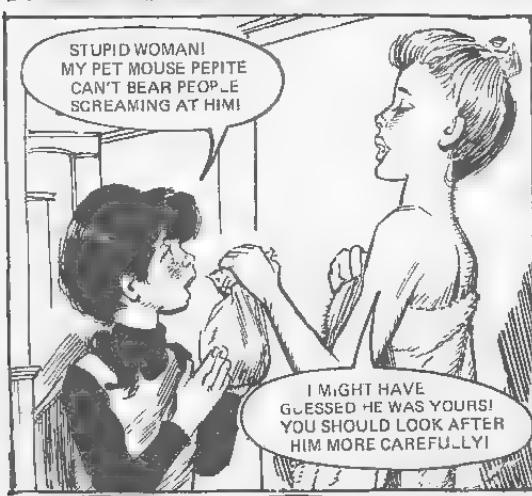
Now all you need is a pencil and a piece of paper... Have fun!

Sindy's

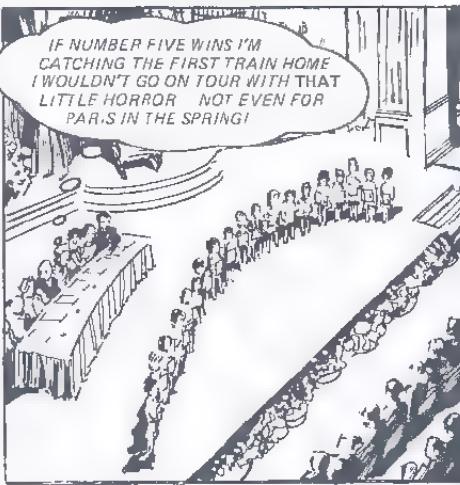
Little Monster

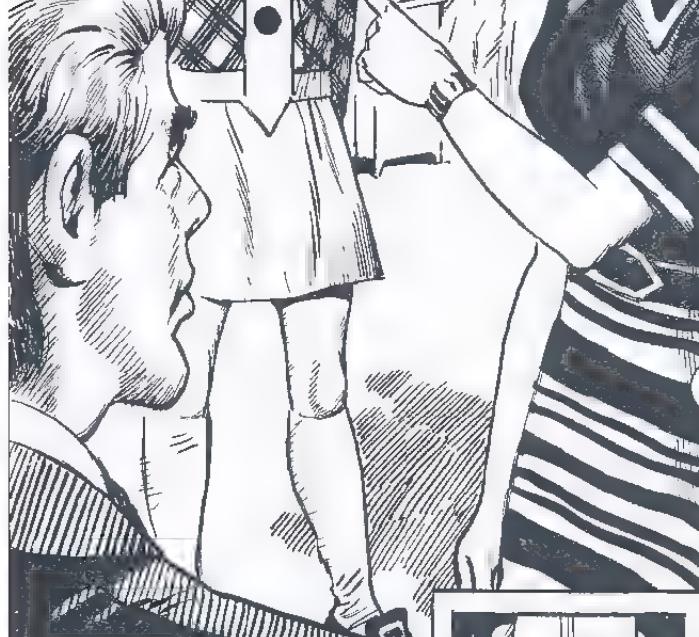
SINDY HAS BEEN ASKED TO BE A JUDGE IN THE MISS JUNIOR WORLD COMPETITION, WITH THE CHANCE OF A TRAVELLING JOB AFTERWARDS WITH THE LUCKY WINNER. THE COMPETITION TAKES PLACE IN NORTHCHESTER...









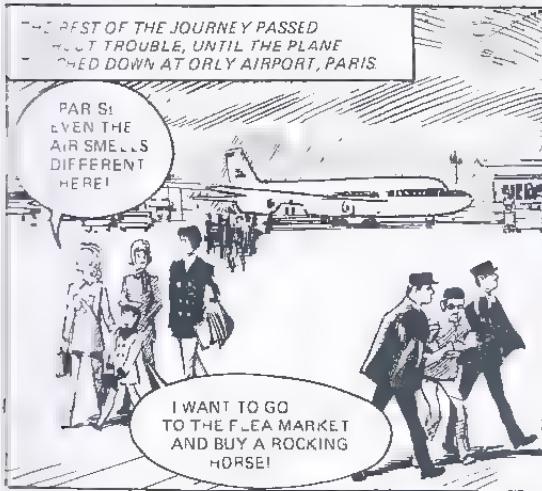








MISS JUNIOR WORLD'S VOICE PIPED UP IN THE BACKGROUND



CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

FLUFFY



Sindy SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN CUT-OUTS

Making Collage pictures is an exciting hobby. Here on the following pages, Sindy shows you how to make cut-outs of some of our famous kings and queens.

First, collect lots of scraps of materials, silks, coloured papers and bits of braid. Then, prepare your ground by mounting a piece of coloured paper on to stiff card — both can be obtained from an artist's materials shop or a good stationer. You will also need a fixative.

Fix the paper to the card by applying a little adhesive at each corner — there is no need to smear it all over. Don't, as you will not get a flat result if you do. In fact, use as little fixative as possible all through the designs, as this will give a much cleaner finish. Also, keep a clean cloth handy on which to wipe your hands.

Having prepared the ground, roughly sketch out the shapes. Now you are ready to get to work.

It is a good idea to stick the neck and face on first. Cut out an egg shape in stiff paper and paint the features in very simply. If you find this difficult, just put dots for eyes and a very short line for the mouth.

Trace off the shapes of the costumes in which you intend to dress the kings and queens. There is no need to make an exact copy of our pictures, as your materials will probably be different. Cut the shapes first in newspaper and fit them on to the design. This allows for trial and error, before using your precious materials.

When you are satisfied, use these patterns, cutting out your materials with a pair of very sharp scissors to get a clean edge, and then fix into position. The hands and feet are cut in paper — and remember to tuck the wrists under the edges of the sleeves.

The best part is the end, when you can really let yourself go by adding any decorative touch you like, such as a gold braid, or similar things.

Do not be put off by your possible lack of skill in drawing, as there is no need to be too accurate. Remember that very attractive designs can be made from very simple beginnings.



BLUFF KING Hal



Henry the Eighth stands with legs planted firmly astride and arms akimbo, glaring out as if defying anyone to disapprove of his actions. Certainly there was much to disapprove of! A tough, ruthless monarch, he is remembered by most people as the king who had six wives, beheading two of them and divorcing two others!

A Tudor Queen



Mary was Henry the Eighth's daughter by his first marriage to Catharine of Aragon. A devout Roman Catholic, she had a lonely and sad childhood, although her father was very proud of her musical achievements - at the age of 4½ she was quite skilled on the virginals. She was 37 when she succeeded to the throne in 1553. A year later, she married Philip of Spain, but the marriage was not a happy one, for although she loved him dearly, he cared little for her. Her five-year reign was marked by religious persecutions.

Elizabeth loved fine clothes. It was said that she never ever wore the same dress twice. And what dresses they were, with their huge sleeves and upstanding ruffs! And such jewels! Such a hair style! But her vanity did not prevent her from becoming one of our greatest rulers.



Good Queen Bess



THE MERRY Monarch

Highly intelligent, handsome, and amusing, Charles the Second was a man who loved pleasure. And after the rule of Cromwell, during which fun was almost a sin, the people were only too glad to have such a man as their king. Charles was not a bad king — but neither was he a good one. Many of the crimes and injustices that occurred in his reign were the work of other men, but he could probably have prevented them had he cared enough. That was his trouble; he was too self-indulgent, too intent on having a good time to concern himself with ruling wisely. It was during his reign that England was struck by two of her greatest tragedies: the Plague, that killed ten thousand people in the course of a single week; and the Great Fire of London in which more than thirteen thousand houses were destroyed. It was Charles himself who gave instructions for the blowing up of houses in order to check the spread of the blaze.

For 63 glorious years Queen Victoria ruled England and the British Empire. She came to the throne in 1837 and during her reign saw more changes — political, social, industrial, and scientific — than any other British ruler. Always regal and majestic, Victoria was our longest reigning monarch.



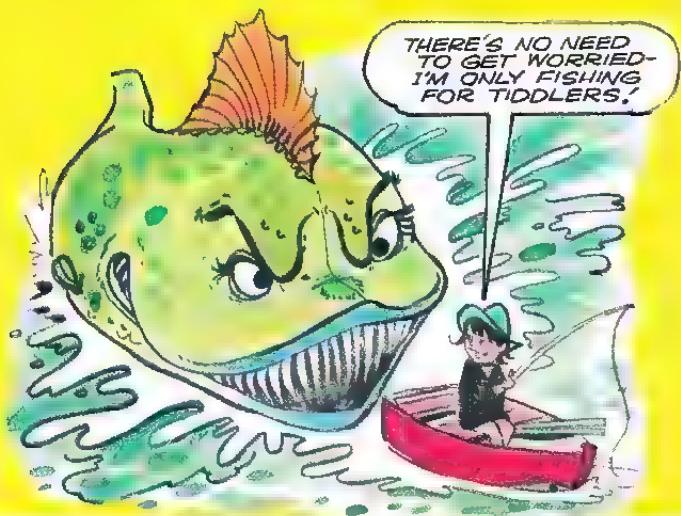
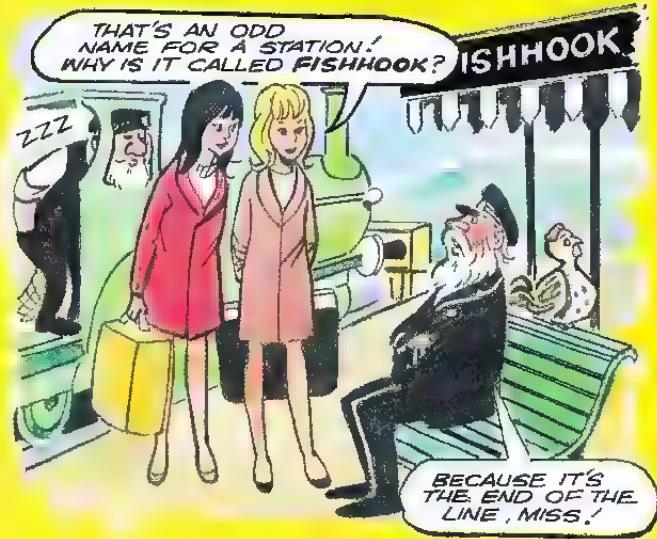
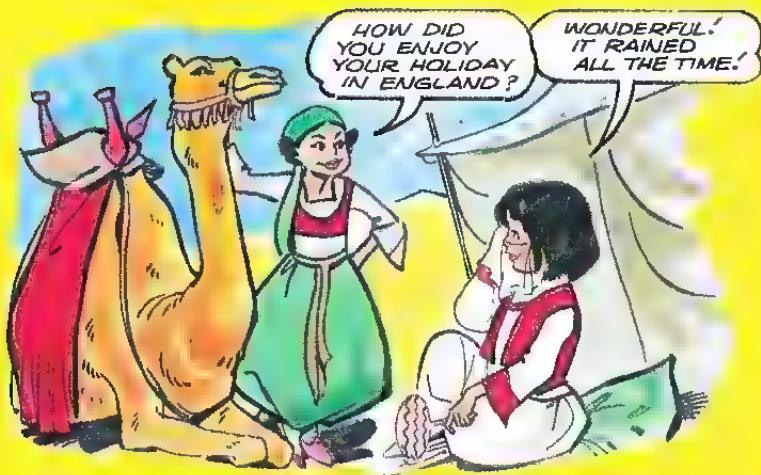
Empress and Queen



Prinny OF THE REGENCY

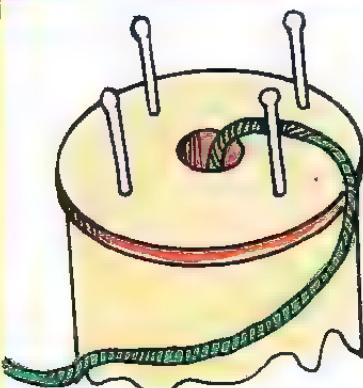
George Augustus Frederick, Prince Regent who became George the Fourth, was known to his admirers as the "First Gentleman", mainly because of the great courtliness of his behaviour. But someone else wrote of him: "He was a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad subject, a bad monarch, and a bad friend." These are harsh words and not really true. Certainly he was very unkind to Caroline, the German Princess who became his bride, treating her in a manner quite unbecoming in a "First Gentleman". But most of his faults were due to weakness rather than any vicious streak. "Prinny", as he was nick named, gathered a circle of fashionable friends around him who devoted themselves to witty conversation, society, and fine clothes. Today when we think of the Regency we think of the graceful architectural style which bears his name. He had the Pavilion built at Brighton, and this ornate, extravagant building became the centre of high society for many years, changing Brighton from a quiet little seaside town into the popular resort it is today.

LAUGH WITH SINDY

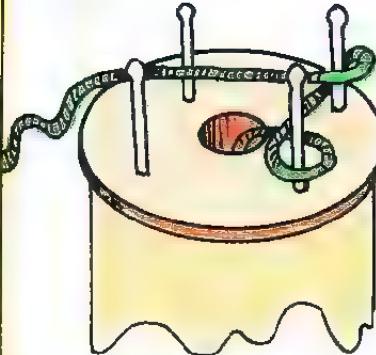


French knitting has always been very popular and a new craze seems to be sweeping the country. To join in the fun you will have to find an old wooden cotton reel, four nails and a ball of brightly coloured wool. Here we show you how to do it and some super ideas for things to make with your French knitting.

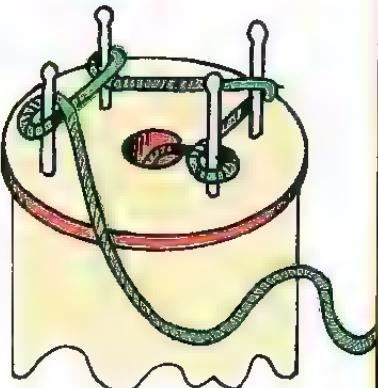
SUPER IDEAS



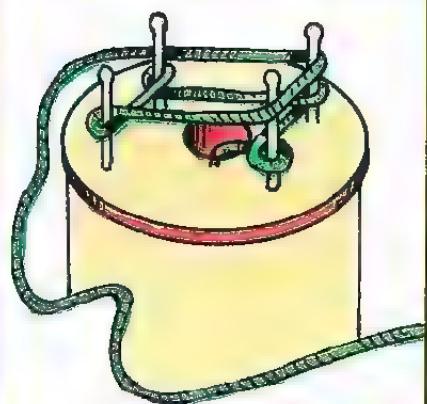
1. First of all hammer the four nails around the edge of the cotton reel as you see here. You might like to ask a grown-up to help. Next, push the end of the wool down through the hole in the reel.



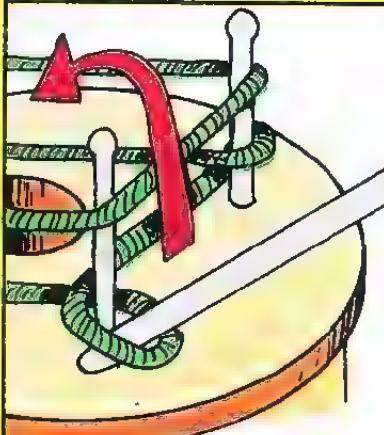
2. Loop the wool around each nail in turn, as shown in the picture above.



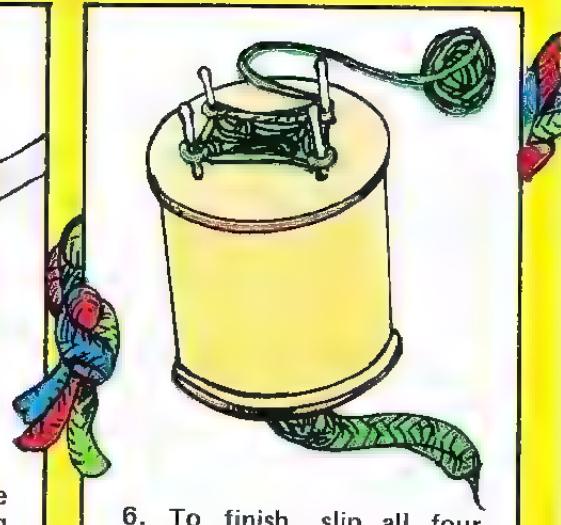
3. Continue to loop the wool around each nail in turn, ensuring that the end of the wool is pulled down through the hole in the reel.



4. Now wind the wool straight round the nails as shown here.



5. Look closely at this picture to see how to use a knitting needle to lift the bottom strand of wool over the upper strand and loop it over the nail. Do the same at each nail in turn. Keep pulling the bottom cord down tightly.

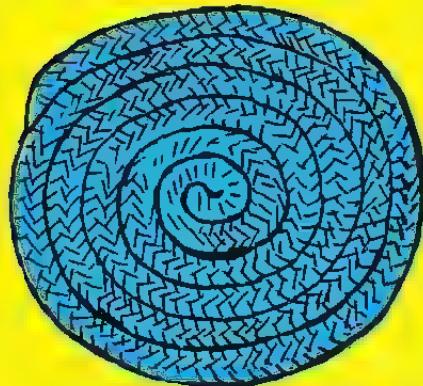


6. To finish, slip all four stitches off the nails onto your needle. Pull the knitted braid out of the cotton reel. Break off your wool, thread it through all four stitches, and pull it tight.

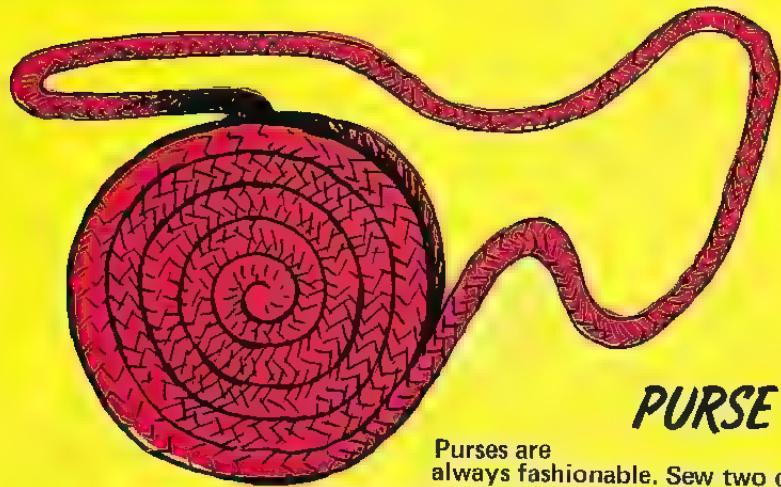
SNAKES

fun things to make and do!

TABLE MAT



To make table mats, coil the knitting round into a circle, sewing the braid together as you go. Make a mat of a different colour for each member of the family.

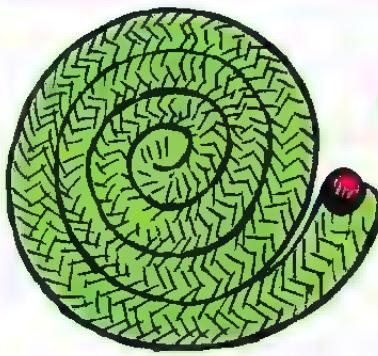


PURSE

Purses are always fashionable. Sew two coils of French knitting together three quarters of the way round the outside to make a little pouch. One length of knitting should be longer than the other to make a strap to wear round your shoulder, or a shorter one to loop over your belt.



Plait three lengths of French knitting together to make an eye catching belt. Choose three gay colours which go well together and wear your belt knotted on top of your jumper.



SNAIL BROOCH

Make a snail brooch with a short length of French knitting. Sew a small coil, leaving one end free. Stitch a bright bead on the free end for an eye. Finally, sew a small safety pin to the back of your brooch.



SNAKE BROOCH

Our snake brooch is made by sewing the French knitting together in loops. Sew a bead or button eye on the head and a safety pin on the back of the brooch, as with the snail.

THEATRE: GHOST BALLERINA



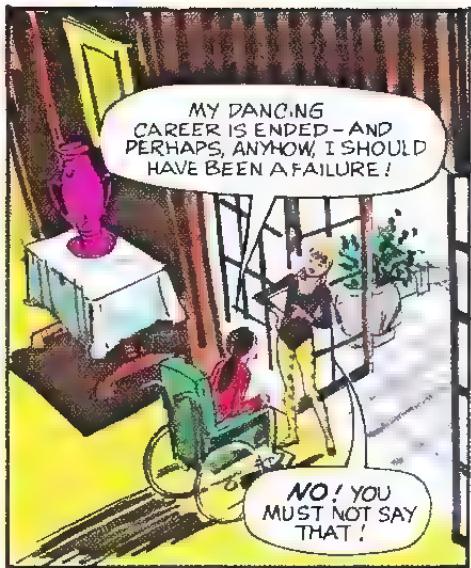


TINA WAS SENT TO THE HOME OF MADAME DAGMAR ARMINSKAYA, ONCE A FAMOUS BALLERINA

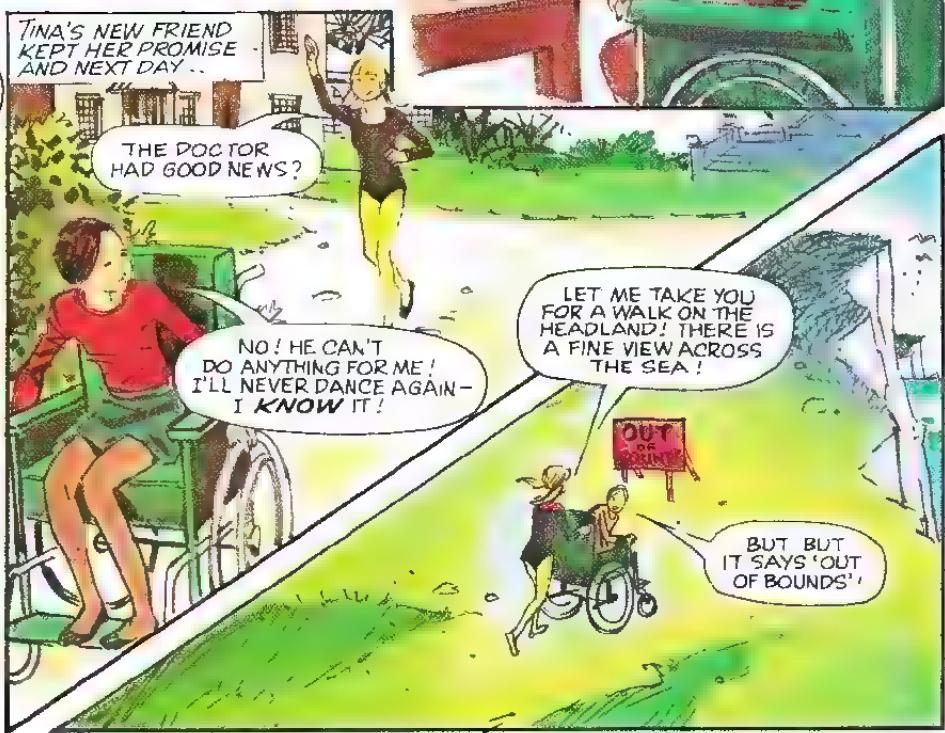
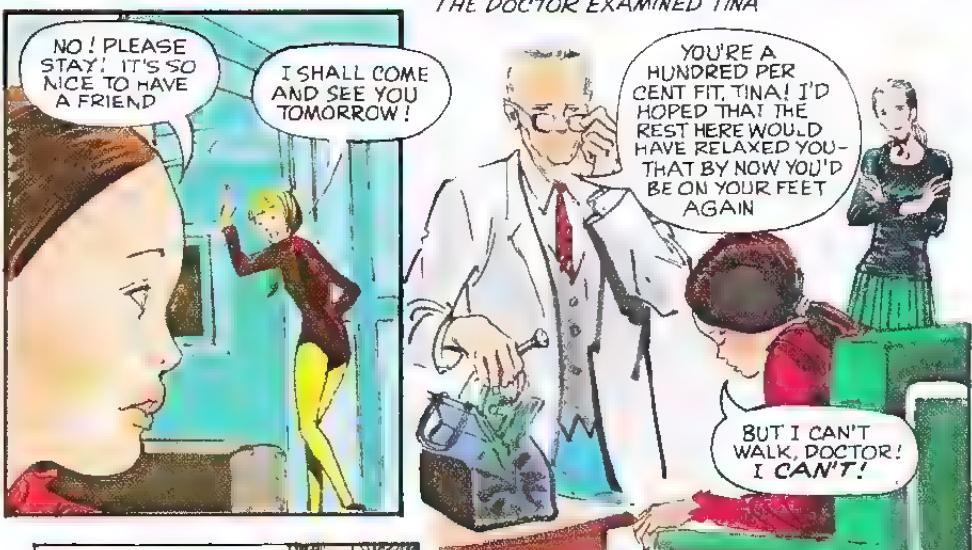
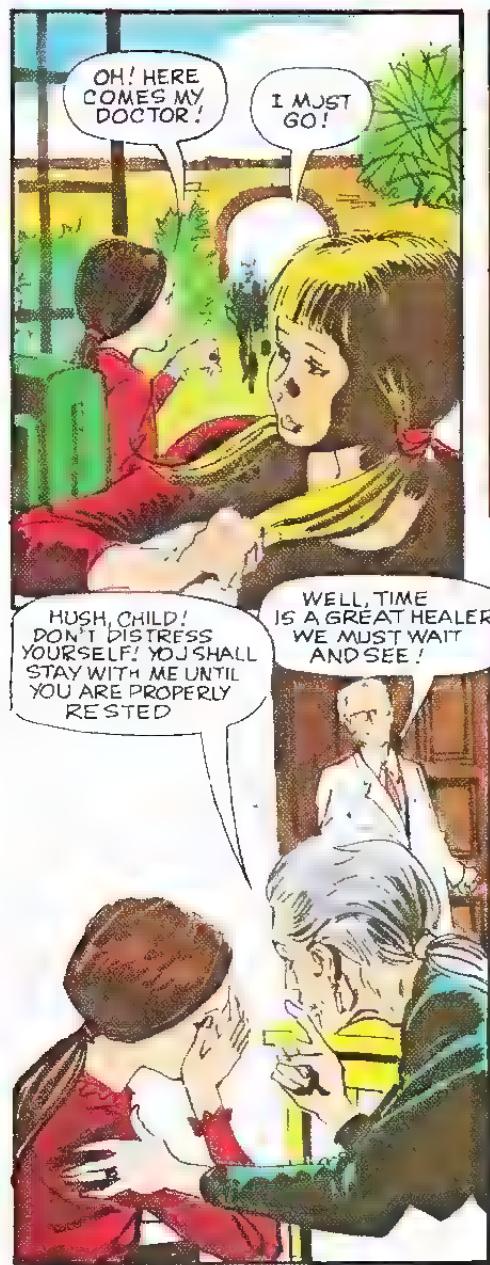


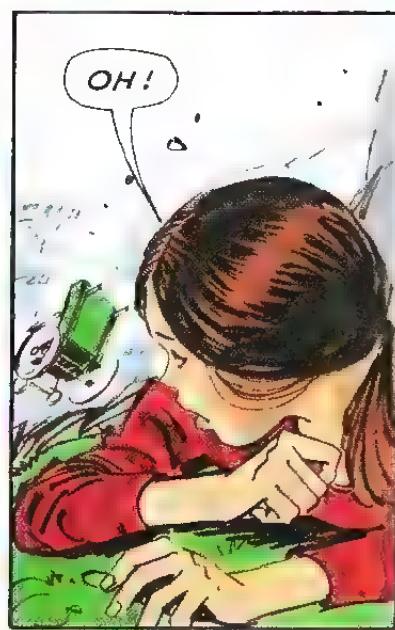
WISTFULLY, TINA WATCHED THE YOUNG DANCERS PRACTISE

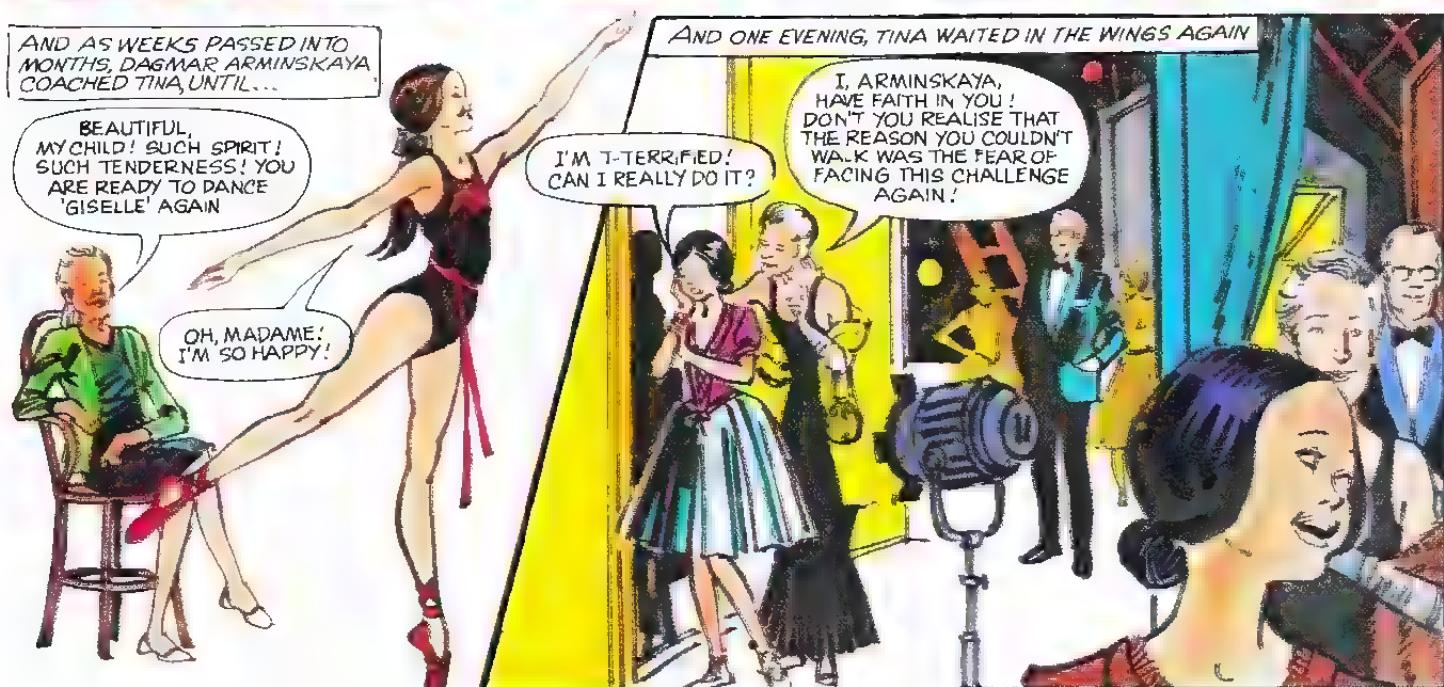
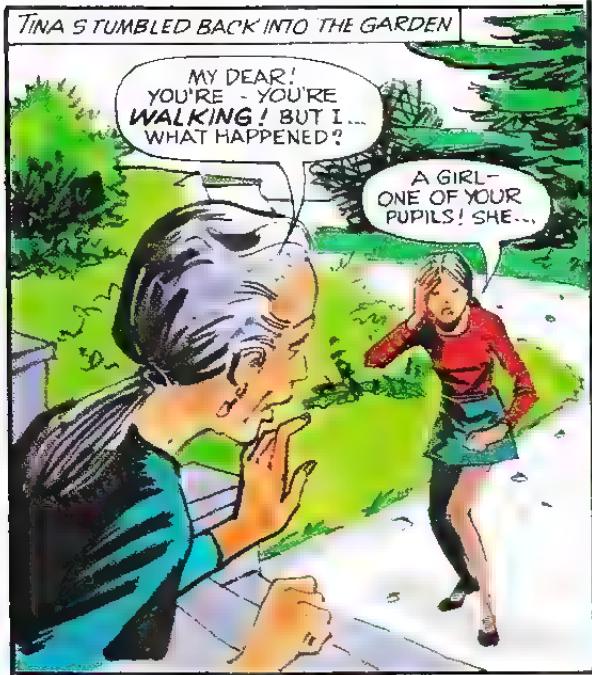


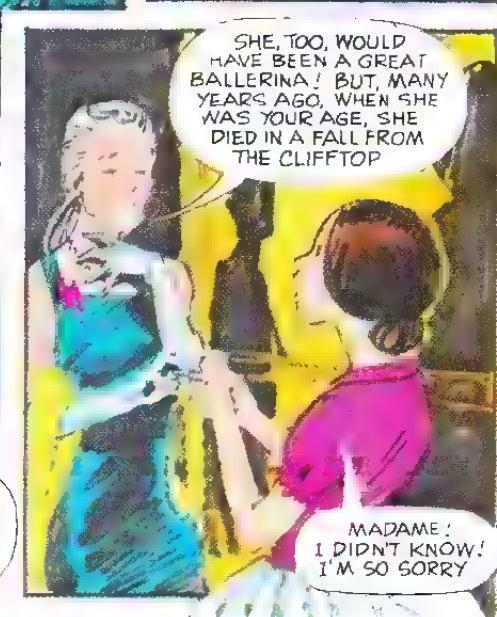


THE DOCTOR EXAMINED TINA











Alpine

The snow was so bright it dazzled Sindy's eyes. From where she stood, on the road above the Alpine village of Tannendorf, she could see the fir trees, chalets and hotels far below.

For Sindy it was a dream come true. A heavy modeling schedule and helping to run a boutique in London had prevented her from taking a ski-ing holiday for so long that she had despaired of ever having one. But now, here she was in Tannendorf as free, it seemed, as a bird.

She clamped on her skis, adjusted her snow goggles, and shot swiftly down a steep, white slope, leaving behind a flurry of white powdery snow.

But Sindy, who proudly wore a bronze medal for skiing she had won three years ago, was more out of practice than she realised. Suddenly her skis slipped from her control and she was soon a tangle of arms and legs at the bottom of the steep descent.

"Uncross your skis," a man's voice called and she felt a strong arm helping her.

"That was silly of me. I was over-confident." As she brushed away the loose, sugar-like snow, she turned and recognised Kurt Hansmann, the tall, dark young man who had travelled with her the night before on the



Danger

local train from Zurich.

"I hardly expected to meet you again so quickly," he said. "You certainly can tie yourself up in wonderful knots!" His laughing face grew serious suddenly as he added: "You really shouldn't ski alone. Let's go down to the Carmenna Hut. I'll lecture you in comfort."

They sat outside in the sunshine, with beakers of steaming hot chocolate which Sindy had ordered in fluent German.

Kurt said: "Your German is very good. I'd hardly know you weren't Swiss."

"Except when I ski?" laughed Sindy.

"Ah, the ski-ing!" Kurt spoke seriously. "It's dangerous to ski alone until you are very proficient."

As Kurt was wearing a ski-instructor's badge, Sindy felt he was entitled to give this advice but she didn't feel obliged to take it.

"I really came here on a working holiday — to help Paul and Gilbert Callen. They manage an agency here for some friends of mine, but they don't seem to want me to do anything."

Kurt drained his chocolate. "How do you like the Callen brothers?"

She hesitated, recalling the chilly reception the tall,

blond Callens had given her the night before. Gilbert, after an abrupt greeting, had told her in precise, clipped tones, that they didn't need an assistant, but that Head Office had never taken any notice of their protests.

"They just don't seem to want anybody else around the place," said Sindy.

He studied his empty cup thoughtfully. "They seem odd people to be in charge of an agency — but perhaps they understand the foreign visitors."

Abruptly, he changed the subject. "Sindy, I must give a lesson now. Perhaps you would like to have tea at the Gocken Hotel this afternoon?"

Sindy accepted gladly, and she returned to her little hotel, the Seehof, next to the agency.

She was pleased, but surprised, to find Paul and Gilbert very friendly over lunch.

"Sindy, you must come ski-ing with us tomorrow," Gilbert urged as he pushed back his plate. "It's Saturday and there's no work. We can go by chair lift to the top of the Weisshorn, have a picnic lunch and ski back afterwards."

SMUGGLING!

It was a thrilling invitation. "That'll be lovely. I've been out practising this morning, but Kurt . . ."

"Kurt?" Paul interrupted.

"The ski-instructor. I met him on the train yesterday. Do you know him?"

"We know him," Gilbert said sharply. "We ski with Hansmann in the Tannendorf team. He's not very well liked in this village. Some people suspect him of smuggling."

"Smuggling!" echoed Sindy in surprise. "But he's a ski-instructor!"

"Who else could travel at night across a rocky, mountainous border?" said Paul.

His voice was smooth and quiet. "He's been seen on the Maran at night — a foolhardy thing, even for an expert skier."

Sindy felt a sense of dismay, which obviously showed on her face. Gilbert leaned over, patted her hand kindly. "I'm sorry, but it isn't a good idea for you to see too much of him — the reputation of the agency, you understand?"

After lunch Sindy sat on the balcony outside her room and watched the passing traffic wistfully. She felt lonely and homesick, suddenly. But then she stopped brooding, and decided to go out and practise on the slopes.

It was a wonderful feeling being pulled up by the Maran ski-lift. The beauty of Maran made her feel a little sad and breathless. Great jagged peaks reached up to a brilliant blue sky, and the fir trees looked black against the snow. Sindy planned to practise for a while, then ski down to the village by one of the easy routes.

It was much colder now. The sun slipped behind Maran's jagged peak. The return would be more tricky than she had imagined. Most of the skiers had already left, and she was alone on route 5.

She pressed on, but the misty light obscured her view — she didn't see the sharp, uncovered rock which broke her left ski. She was only conscious of her foot being wrenched sharply from under her as the ski snapped — and then the terrible sensation of falling.

Fresh snow had covered her tracks. No one had ever known where she was going. Hot tears welled up in her eyes — but she fought to control them.

Continued on next page



Alpine Danger

Continued from previous page

Slowly, Sindy began to crawl up the slope, hoping to find a footpath. Suddenly, hope began to return. Straight ahead was a mountain hut, its roof edged with sharp, glittering icicles.

It was too good to be true — there was no such hut marked on the route map from the agency, but Sindy made for it, thankful that she had found some shelter. The door opened easily. Inside, instead of the usual stacks of wood, was a pile of crates.

"It's a remote place to store things," she thought. "Why, it's almost on the border. On the border!" Sindy recalled what the Callens had said about smuggling. Suddenly her eye caught sight of the address on one of the crates. It was for Kurt — and had been delivered through the agency, to Tannendorf! Night was approaching rapidly. It was intensely cold and Sindy felt she had never been so alone in her life, nor so much afraid.

FRIEND OR FOE?

OUTSIDE, the snow had stopped falling, and a silvery streak of moon had risen, turning the dark slopes into a gleaming fairyland.

Sindy glanced at the luminous dial of her watch. It was half-past seven. "Surely I've been missed by now," she thought desperately.

Her spirits rose when she heard a sound from outside and she started towards the door. Then suddenly she

stopped, as a sharp wave of panic swept through her. The scrunch of ski-boots on fresh snow was getting steadily nearer — but was the newcomer likely to be a friend? The footsteps stopped outside the hut door. Sindy was too petrified to move. Slowly, the door opened letting in a shaft of moonlight. The silver light outlined the shape of the man who stood at the door.

"Sindy!" came a familiar and friendly voice. "I'd given up expecting you for tea — but I'd no idea you were up on treacherous old Maran."

It was Kurt Hansmann. Sindy sighed with relief. It was wonderful to see Kurt. He helped her gently to her feet, and put a protective arm round her shoulders.

"Oh, Kurt," she said rather wearily, "you always seem to be around to rescue me. Thank you!"

He smiled down at her and, despite her protests peeled off one of his sweaters and made her put it on. "You're absolutely frozen. Here, have some coffee." As he spoke, he handed Sindy a vacuum flask from his knapsack.

Gratefully, Sindy sipped the strong, sweet coffee and felt the warmth creep slowly back into her veins.

"Well, now you're warmer — tell me how you got here, and what you were doing on the Maran alone."

Sindy explained. "But Kurt, it's all very well being rescued but how can I get down to the village without skis?" She sighed miserably.

"When you're rested, I'll tell you what we'll do. But



how did you come to find this hut?" Kurt asked her gently.

"Sheer luck — it's not marked on the agency's map.

"Kurt," Sindy said, trying to sound casual. "I suppose you have been here before — or else you would never have found the hut."

AN EASY ROUTE!

Kurt frowned. "No," he answered rather abruptly. "I found it by chance — I didn't know it was here."

"How did you come to be on the Maran at this time?" she asked. Her voice trailed away as he obviously intended to ignore her question. Sindy's heart sank. The rumours must be true!

He interrupted her thoughts. "Now, Sindy, do you think you will be able to come down the mountain on the back of my skis?"

As Sindy continued to stare at him rather blankly, he explained: "It's the only way. You must put one foot on each of my skis, and hold round my waist — I promise I'll stick to an easy route, and . . ."

"I don't know," Sindy broke in, uncertainly.

"Well, you must try," Kurt said firmly. "My pupils managed it, and they're only beginners."

Sindy felt she would have enjoyed the ski down to the village more than anything, if she had not been upset by her suspicions of Kurt.



At last they reached the Seehof. Miserably uncertain, she declined Kurt's offer of dinner and, feeling horribly ungrateful, went into the warm little pension.

The lounge was empty. There was no sign of the Callens. Sindy felt rather thankful that she did not have to explain to Gilbert and Paul what had happened — first she wanted time to straighten out her thoughts.

She had little time to puzzle over the mountain hut, Kurt and the smuggling, for the next two days, for Gilbert and Paul took her skiing and sleighing each day, as well as dancing each evening. She saw nothing of Kurt, and had decided to await further developments before telling the Callens of her adventure on the Maran.

On the following Monday morning, Sindy started to get down to some work in the agency. The office, bathed in morning sunshine, was very warm inside. The walls were bright with posters and Sindy did not have to sigh with longing at the sights of pictures of Alpine holidays.

"You're bright and early," laughed Gilbert. "I must admit now that Head Office were right when they insisted on you helping us out."

She flushed. "Thank you, Gilbert," she said — but she could not help viewing his compliments suspiciously.

Paul flashed her a charming smile. "Today," he said, "you will be in sole charge, until after lunch anyway. Gilbert and I have a ski-team practice for the Alpine Villages competition, this morning."

By about eleven o'clock the agency was empty. Sindy decided to make herself some coffee and then do some filing.

WHAT'S THIS?

As she sat sipping her coffee, she remembered the crates addressed to Kurt in the hut. "As they were delivered through the agency, there must be some record of them in the invoice books," she thought.

She did not know what she expected to find, or prove, but somehow she felt she had to convince herself that Kurt was definitely guilty or innocent. Sindy went carefully through several books, running her fingers up and down the columns. It certainly looked as if she were searching in vain. She turned to the final book and anxiously studied the entries. At last she found what she was looking for.

"How odd!" Sindy chewed her pencil. "It's certainly been entered in here, but there's no record of it having been delivered — and what's this . . .?"

Beside the entry was a small red ink asterisk which appeared on several other items in the books. She was puzzled.

She stood at the door of the agency and looked out at the snowy village street. She was so engrossed in watching somebody on a snow bicycle, she almost failed to recognise Kurt, as he skied past her towards the Maran lift.

"What's he doing?" She wrinkled her nose in thought. "He should be at the team practice but he's certainly going the wrong way! I'd like to see just what he's up to!"

The village clock told her that it was lunch time. Quickly she closed up the agency. She bought a bar of chocolate and, taking her new skis from the rack outside the agency, made her way towards the Maran ski lift.

Continued on next page

Alpine Danger

Continued from previous page

"Hello, Miss Sindy," a voice called, as she was skiing towards the lift. She turned and saw one of the ski-instructors she had met the previous evening.

"Hi, Chris," she yelled back. "Aren't you at the practice, either?"

"What practice?" asked the tall, sun-tanned man.

"The practice for the ski-team — you're in the team with Gilbert and Paul — and you're the captain!"

He gave a puzzled smile. "There's no practice today, and I should know, because I organise them."

Sindy puckered her pretty forehead. She recovered herself quickly and said, "Oh, I must have confused the date."

Sindy went thoughtfully towards the Maran lift. "It's all very odd," she thought. "I must go back to the hut to see if I can get to the bottom of all this!"

FOR the first time since she arrived in Tannendorf, the breathtaking beauty of sunlit snowy peaks left Sindy unmoved. One half of her mind concentrated on skiing, the other half on what she would now find at the hut. She had seen Kurt some way ahead of her on route 5, but now he had disappeared, leaving behind two blue-white ski-trails in the smooth, dazzling snow. Soon, with sinking heart, Sindy realised that the tracks were leading to the hut.

She took off her skis, and made her way cautiously towards it. Jammed upright in the snow outside were not one, but two pairs of very streamlined skis. Sindy's heart gave an odd little thump, and she crept to a small window, heavily encrusted with snow and ice.

She could see two tall men, deep in conversation. Carefully she wiped some snow off the window-pane. A ray of sunshine caught the object that one of the men was holding. Against the dark leather of his gloves, huge diamonds shimmered, seeming to send sparks in all directions. Sindy caught her breath in astonishment. The diamonds were unmistakably real. But the two men were just as unmistakable — Gilbert and Paul Callen!

"So this is where they went," Sindy whispered softly. Their faces wore the same cold, furtive look as they had the first time she had met them.

Wild thoughts flashed through Sindy's head. Perhaps this was the reason why the Callens hadn't wanted an assistant, and why some items in the invoice books were marked with red asterisks. Could the Callen brothers be connected with the smuggling? Was Kurt mixed up with them? It seemed more likely that the Callens had found evidence to prove Kurt definitely guilty! Sindy felt wildly confused.

There was no sign of the young ski-instructor. She stood outside the hut, bewildered. It seemed that there was no one for her to turn to now. Nobody would believe her accusations against the Callens. Kurt seemed to be a friend, but . . .

Suddenly, she heard a noise. Sindy turned sharply. She was about to cry out when a hand closed over her mouth.

Petrified, she looked up at the face of the man who

held her. The blue eyes of Kurt Hansmann smiled down at her, as he led her away from the hut.

When they were out of sight of the hut, behind a nearby pine tree, Sindy looked up at him anxiously, and faltered rather brokenly: "Kurt . . . the Callens are . . . they're in the hut with some diamonds. There are boxes addressed to you in the hut — they'll know about you. I never wanted to believe all the rumours I had heard, but . . ."

Kurt's face was a study. "Sindy," he said at last, "I don't blame you for your doubts. I can't prove anything I say, even now, but believe me, I've known for some time that it was the Callens who were the leaders of a really large diamond-smuggling ring, using the agency as a cover. I've been investigating the whole thing for the authorities." His face was grim as he went on. "It's been so hard to get definite proof because, after a while, my investigations led half the village to believe that I was up to no good! Of course, the Callens didn't lose an opportunity of spreading rumours about me, which would throw suspicion completely off themselves."

Suddenly Sindy felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders and she knew she believed Kurt.

"But what are those crates in the hut with your name on?" she asked.

"It helps to incriminate me!" Kurt said, rather bitterly. "But the authorities knew I was on their side. Now, I think I've got enough information . . ."

The conversation was cut short by the hut door opening. Gilbert and Paul came running out into the sunlight, and stood looking round.

"I could have sworn I heard voices," Gilbert's clipped tones rang out sharply in the clean air.

Sindy clutched Kurt's arm. Her skis were lying in the snow, not far from the hut — if the Callens saw them . . .

"Look," Paul said, his voice as hard and dangerous as Maran's craggy peak. "I believe you were right, Gilbert!"

DEEP CHASMS!

He pointed at Sindy's discarded skis. "Those, if I am not very much mistaken, belong to our dear little helpmate." His tone made Sindy shiver.

"I wonder how much she knows?" called Gilbert, as he started to search the surrounding bushes.

"Don't worry, she won't be able to repeat it! There are several deep chasms which a not-so-expert skier might easily fall into!" replied his brother.

"Sindy, there's only one way," Kurt whispered urgently. "We can't get at the skis, but we may be able to get away on the ski-lift."

"The ski-lift!" she echoed. "But how?"

"There's a chance that we can grab a returning spring, and reach the village before the Callens. Not far from here is a high ridge over which the lift rope passes. We might try!"

Sindy could only nod. Slowly they made their way out of their hiding place.

Sindy ran beside Kurt over the frozen snow, expecting any minute to hear the Callens shout, and pound after them.

Presently she could hear the click of the approaching spring. Kurt took her hand and, together, they ran to the ridge.

"We must be ready to grab the spring — we shan't have a second chance — they're bound to spot us



soon. I'll tell you when!"

The Callens had heard them now, and were already coming swiftly towards the ridge. In her panic, Sindy tripped. She gave a little yelp of pain as she went down. "Oh, Kurt — that branch — I've done something to my ankle."

Kurt lifted her up, yelling, "Hang round my neck for all you're worth!"

The Callens were very close now and Sindy locked her hands behind Kurt's neck. He supported her with one arm, and reached up with the other to grab the returning spring.

Sindy felt them rise together into the air. Then they were swinging along above the snow, rapidly descending.

"Hold tight," he gasped. He slowly withdrew his left arm from her and transferred his grip to the spring above.

Sindy eased her head round, and saw that the Callens were running towards the power house which controlled the Maran ski-lift. She looked down in terror.

The downward springs had no need to pass over a firm track, since they weren't meant to be used. Below them there was a deep, rocky chasm!

"Sindy," Kurt said, "in a moment we shall be over firm ground near the Carmenna Hut. If we jump off there, it will be all right — we can get help!"

Sindy closed her eyes and counted the seconds, waiting for the jerk that must surely hurl them into the chasm . . . Nothing happened and when she dared to open her eyes again, they were just about a foot above the sweeping slope beside the Carmenna Hut. They dropped to the snow, exhausted, a second before the ski-lift jerked to a stop.

Several hours later, a flushed, happy Sindy greeted Kurt in the lounge of the Seehof. She was curled up on a settee, surrounded by magazines and bright cushions. Her ankle had been bound up, but the doctor had said it was only a sprain and she would soon be able to ski.

"That's lucky!" said Kurt, as Sindy told him what the doctor had said. "You will have plenty of time to come skiing with me, and . . ."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Sindy put in. "I telephoned London and explained what had happened here. My friends said that if I could manage, they'd pay me to be in charge here for the rest of the winter."

Kurt chuckled. "Congratulations! But I think I had better stick around in case you get into any more difficulties — don't you?"

Sindy smiled happily, and nodded.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

BOB FRANCIS
COME QUICKLY!
SOMETHING DREADFUL'S
HAPPENED!

17.

WHATEVER
IS IT, SINDY?

WHERE'S
JANE?

THAT'S
JUST THE
TROUBLE...

I LOCKED HER IN HER ROOM
TO KEEP HER OUT OF MISCHIEF,
BUT WHEN I CAME BACK...

SHE'D
DONE A
BUNK?

LOOKS AS IF
SHE CLIMBED OUT OF
THE WINDOW!

GOLLY—SHE'S
GOT A NERVE, THAT
KID

IN MORE
WAYS THAN
ONE!

THE POINT
IS WHERE IS SHE
NOW?

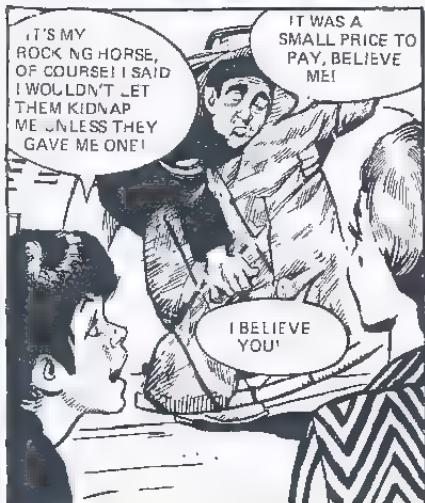
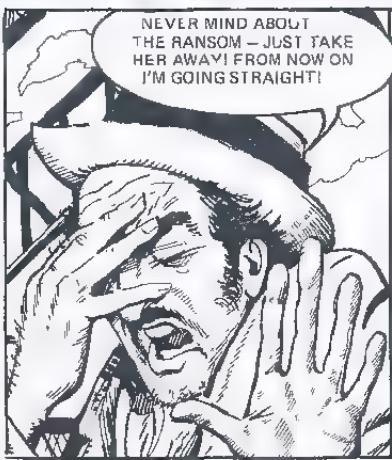
I CAN MAKE
A PRETTY GOOD
GUESS!

THE FLEA
MARKET, AND
QUICK!

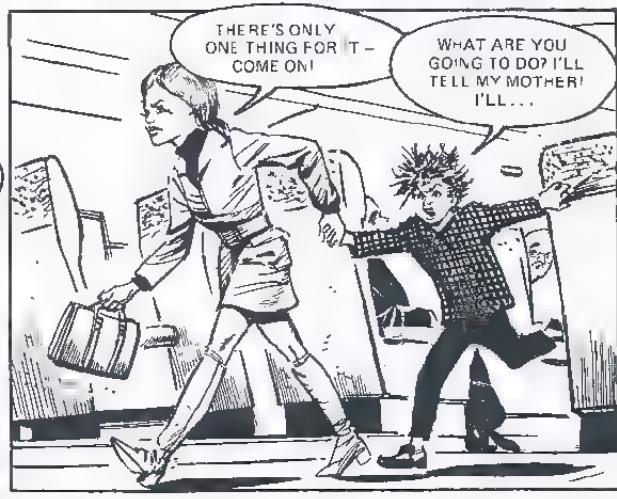
OUI
MADEMOISELLE!















Sindy's ABC of Beauty

A is for acne. It's a nasty sounding name for a rather nasty complaint. But there are ways you can help to banish spots and discourage a fresh crop. These spots are usually encouraged by eating the wrong foods, so avoid too many chips, cream cakes, stodgy puddings and chocolate. Eat plenty of green vegetables and fresh fruit. Acne is often accompanied by oily hair and dandruff, so a weekly shampoo is a *must*. Keeping your skin clean is very important. Wash your face twice a day with a good mild soap and warm water. Pat your face dry. *Never* use a face flannel. Use a clean piece of cotton wool each time you wash your face. And *don't* keep touching your face with grubby fingers — this will spread the infection. If your spots persist, do ask your doctor's advice.

A is also for astringent — a mild one is very good for toning up greasy skins before applying make-up.



C is for cucumber. A slice of cucumber popped over each eye while you have a ten minute rest is the perfect way to bring a sparkle to tired eyes after a heavy evening of homework or telly watching.

C is also for creams — ideal when massaged into dry skins. Use good old-fashioned cold cream for removing make-up. Dry-skinned girls should avoid using astringents and skin tonics. Eat plenty of fruit, vegetables and salads, and drink lots of milk.



D is also for dandruff, which is infectious, so do keep all your brushes, combs and rollers scrupulously clean. Try to avoid lending or borrowing combs. Never brush your hair so that dandruff falls on your bare skin. It can cause spots. A twice-weekly shampoo with a medicated shampoo is good until the condition improves, then you must shampoo your hair once a week.

B is for bathing. Forget all those old wives tales about too many baths weakening your spine. A daily bath will keep you feeling fresh and is essential after games at school. If you can't manage a bath, be sure to have an all over wash every day.

And B is for bicycling — an exercise that will keep your tummy flat. Lie on the floor on your back and raise your legs in the air, as high as possible, and begin "cycling".



E is for eyes. To keep them sparkling — blink. When you're reading, writing or watching television, take time off occasionally to blink rapidly. It helps do away with eye strain. If you use eye make-up, remove it gently with oil soaked pads which are sold just for this job, or use a few drips of baby oil on cotton wool.

And E is for exercises. They won't actually make you lose weight, but they will keep your muscles firm.

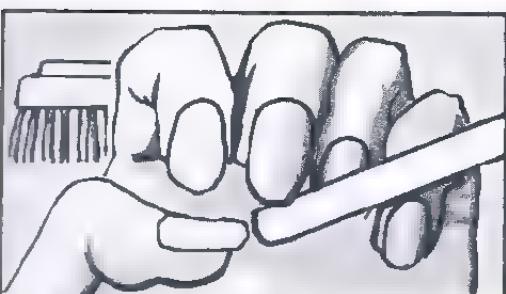
F is for feet. If you have large feet, avoid wearing light, brightly coloured shoes. If you have corns or an ingrowing toenail — see a chiropodist. Pay as much attention to your feet as you would to your hands or face. They have to carry you about all your life, so they deserve the best of treatment! After a long walk, soak your feet in warm water to which you have added salt or Radox.

G is for gaiety. This can do as much for you as a new lipstick.



I is for your interior. You should treat this with as much respect as your exterior. Breathe in plenty of fresh air, and eat wisely. If you must have between-meal snacks, eat things like an apple, a prune or two, cream cheese and raisins or an orange.

J is for jogging. This is a good way of getting some exercise and getting wherever you're going that much faster. I don't suggest you do this when you're carrying your heavy shopping, but when there aren't many people about. Bend your arms and begin to jog — which is a rather relaxed form of running.



H is for hands. Hands are very expressive and should be cossetted. Massage hand cream into them. Start with the little finger, massaging the cream in from the tip of the finger to the base with the thumb and first two fingers of the other hand. Massage cream into all fingers and thumbs in the same way. Then rest your elbow on a table and massage cream into your hand as though you're pulling on a glove. Have you got clammy hands? Then wash them in luke-warm water, rinse in cool water, dry them thoroughly and then rub a little liquid deodorant into each palm. Dust with a fine talcum powder.



H is for hair, too. A good tip to remember — if you like a reputation for shiny hair, wash it the day *before* you think it really needs shampooing!

And for all those with pony tails, try to avoid using elastic bands. But if you feel you must, do carefully cut the band free when you let your hair down. Don't just tug it off. That will break your hair.



K is for knees which should be kept together when sitting in a short skirt. Practise sitting in front of a full-length mirror. Cross your legs and point both feet in the same direction.



L is for lips, legs and lemon juice. Avoid chapped lips in winter by rubbing plenty of cold cream or Vaseline into them. Try applying lipstick with a brush for a clean, clear outline. Lemon juice is excellent when added to the final rinse for blondes. Half a lemon rubbed on dingy elbows will bleach the skin. And keep legs in trim by holding on to the back of a chair and swinging each leg backwards and forwards like a pendulum. This will also help you to walk "from the hip" — the only graceful way to walk.

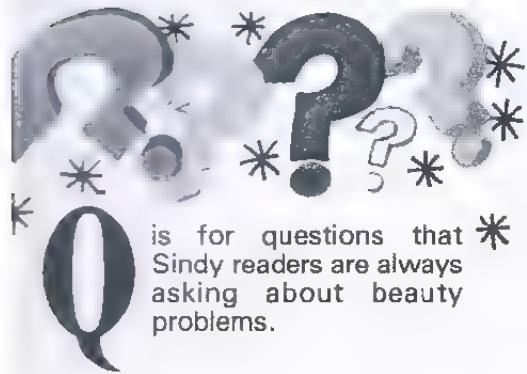
M is for make-up. When applying make-up, remember it's not the amount you use that is important — but the way in which you apply it.



N is for nails. A weekly manicure is essential. Shape your nails with an emery board. Be careful not to file too far down each side. Always file your nails in one direction. Wash your hands thoroughly, then twist cotton wool round an orange stick and clean under your nails. N is also for nasty habits — like nail biting. *Do try to stop!*

O is for overeating. Most of us seem to eat far more than we actually need. Why not make a list of all the things that are good for you — and eat those?

P is for perfume, and personal freshness. *Don't* use perfume to cover up because you know you need a bath but can't be bothered! Perfume is lovely, and its delicate balance can be upset by being applied to less-than-clean skins. Use matching perfumed soap, talc and toilet water. Toilet water is much better than perfume, and cheaper. Place perfume behind the ears, in the crook of the elbow, the nape of the neck, the wrists, on the temples, behind your knees or on a piece of cotton wool tucked into your bra.



Q is for questions that Sindy readers are always asking about beauty problems.

S is for sun and sparkle. Sun can give your skin a lovely golden glow and make your hair sparkle as it bleaches it slightly. But too much sun can be harmful. Whatever your hair colour or skin type, never rush your sunbathing. Slowly and surely — and use plenty of sun tan lotion or cream and afterwards, rub in lashings of moisture cream or baby lotion. And always use a conditioning rinse on your hair in summer to counteract the sun's drying effect.



T is for teeth. If you can't clean them after every meal or snack, do try to rinse your mouth out with water, pushing it between your teeth to clear out those particles of food that cause decay if left.

T is also for tights. Never, never wear tights with ladders or holes in them.



V is for varnish and voice. If you wear nail varnish, do wipe it off with a remover as soon as it begins to chip. And if you change the colour of your lipstick, make sure your varnish matches. If you are a nail biter, wearing a nail varnish might discourage you from your habit. It's worth a try. An unpleasant voice can set people's nerves jangling. Try not to talk too loudly, or giggle too much. If you have a tape recorder, wait till everyone in the family has gone out, then read something out loud and record it. Play it back and see how you sound. Surprised? Go on doing this until you are pleasantly surprised!

X is for Xmas. You still have time to put all these tips into action and really sparkle on Christmas Day!

Y is for yelling, something you must stop doing at once! **Y** is also for egg yolk, a great beauty ingredient. You can make a gentle mask by mixing an egg yolk with a few drops of olive oil and a squeeze of lemon.

R is for rinses. Vinegar added to the final rinse water will bring a sparkle to a brunette's hair. A final rinse of beer will give your hair body. And there are heaps of rinses on the market for taming flyaway hair and for giving body to fine hair.

And **R** is for rose water which, when mixed with witch hazel, makes a super skin tonic. But then a quick rinse in cold water is a very good tonic, too — for face and scalp.

U is for undies. These should always be scrupulously clean. When you buy soap, unwrap the tablets and pop them into your undies' drawer to keep your undies delicately perfumed.



W is for waist and weight. Exercise, coupled with wise eating habits, should help. Stand with your feet apart. Stretch as high as you can and then bend sideways to the left. Relax and repeat, bending to the right. Or, bending from the waist, swing your arms to the left and to the right, sweeping the floor with the tips of your fingers.



Z is for zero — something you'll never be if you follow the Beauty ABC!



The Highwaymen

"Leave off polishing the tankards!

LThey'll not be wanted tonight or any other night for that matter!"

The harsh words echoed under the ancient, smoke-blackened timbers of the Black Dog Inn, situated close to the New Forest. Hester Mayhew, an attractive, brown-haired girl of 13, turned to look at her father who had just entered. It was the year 1720 and Hester and her father had run the tavern since the death of Mrs. Mayhew, six months earlier.

"Still no sign of anyone, father?" she asked.

"None!" he grunted, staring through the leaded windows of the small, snug room that looked out across a lonely forest track. "We're too far from the coach route, that's the trouble."

He shrugged. "If things don't improve, I'll be obliged to sell up and start afresh, maybe in a big town like Portsmouth."

"I'll miss the country if we do," she said forlornly. "The fresh open air, the forest and . . ."

"And your ponies, lass!" Her father's voice was suddenly tender and his arm went around her waist. "I know how you love them and how they trust you in return." He went on with an attempt at cheerfulness. "There now, these are sad topics for a January evening. You said something about going to feed them, nigh on an hour ago."

"I felt I could not go and leave you here by yourself — that is why I delayed," she said.

"You go, my dearest," her father replied. "Happen there'll be snow tonight and we don't want those ponies going hungry if it freezes hard. Take some

Continued on next page



The Highwaymen

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sacks of hay and load them into the trap."

As she slipped outside, Hester found that her parent's gloom had added to her own wintry mood. She went to the livery stable and with practised hands, harnessed Timothy, the steady reliable old cob, to the shafts of the cart.

"Oh, Timmy," she whispered, "I hope father doesn't have to sell and move. My poor ponies — who will look after them when I've gone?"

Soon the trap was loaded with its six sacks of hay. Hester clicked her tongue to Timothy and with only her mournful thoughts for company, drove off along a rutted track towards the New Forest. The sky was darkening, the air freezing as she urged the cob along at a smart clip, anxious to finish her task and be indoors before the snow caught her halfway.

WITH ARMS TIED!

Before very long, she was followed by half a dozen ponies, ghostly forms who had drifted from the forest. They formed up on either side, trotting to keep pace with the longer strides of the bigger horse.

"As if I'd forget you on a night like this," she chided them. "But where's your leader, Whitey? Perhaps he's waiting at the ruined barn by the clearing. He knows I always stop there."

All at once, she gave a gasp and strained her eyes through the gathering gloom. Ahead of her, a man staggered from the shelter of the trees, his head lowered. He weaved from side to side, his arms held in a strange way behind

his back. She pulled on the reins as he blundered into the side of the cart, recoiled and fell on his face.

"His arms! They're tied behind him!" she thought, scrambling down from the driving seat.

She turned the man over and from a deathly-pale face, blue eyes blinked open to look into hers.

"Help . . . help me!" The whispered words barely reached her ears. In the cart was a knife used for ripping open the hay sacks and in a trice, she had used it to cut the stranger's bonds.

A BRANCH CRACKLED!

Wincing, he sat up, rubbing fresh life into his cramped wrists. She noticed a large, dark bruise on his forehead.

"I thank you, mistress," he breathed. "I apologise if I startled you, but I was looking for assistance. I was trying to reach the Black Dog Inn hereabouts."

"I come from there! I am the daughter of the landlord!" cried Hester. "But what has happened? Who has tied you up so cruelly?"

"Ben Searle, the highwayman!" the man panted. "My name is Dick King of the London Bow Street Runners. I trailed Searle and his gang to their meeting place in a ruined barn yonder. I managed to overhear their plans to rob the west bound coach in an hour's time. Thinking I was unobserved, I backed away, fell and twisted my ankle." He shook his head as if to ward off an unpleasant memory. "They heard and were on me in a flash — three of them. When I came to my senses, I was tied by a thong to a tree outside the barn.

"After what seemed like hours," he continued, "I managed to wriggle free and set out to find help. We have to warn the coach before Searle and his men carry out their plans!"

He got to his feet, only to reel against the trap as his injured ankle gave way.





"You must rest in the cart," Hester said firmly. "I will drive towards the coach road and alert the driver."

"I fear . . . we . . . may already be too . . ." the Runner's voice tailed off as he clambered painfully into the cart. With a hollow groan, he fell forward and fainted, his face pressed into one of the sacks.

Hester made him as comfortable as she could and looked wildly around, her mind racing.

"I will get him to the barn first and there decide what is best to be done!" she thought.

She shook up the reins and with the ponies keeping pace, she reached the clearing, the barn looming up on her left.

Only yards away, a branch crackled!

Her head swung towards the sound. A dim shape appeared and then another. Hester gave a gasp of relief. The rest of her beloved ponies had arrived at the place where so often in the past she had fed them. Heading the small herd was her own favourite, Whitey, so-called from the streak of white running down his muzzle. He lifted one hoof as if in greeting.

"There's no time to feed you just now," she explained breathlessly. "Some highwaymen are going to hold up the coach and . . ." A snowflake fell on the back of her hand and she realised that the snow, so long delayed, was upon them.

TAKE ON HIS ROLE!

Hester's mouth set in a firm line. Dick King was better where he was and it was up to her to take on his role. She led Timmy under the shelter of the barn and tied him to a pole.

"I'll take Timmy and try and reach the coach before Searle and his rascals," she told the pony. "You'll look after him, won't you, Whitey?"

It might have been her imagination, but her favourite seemed to nod his head up and down. Together he and the rest of the shaggy troupe crowded into the barn and gathered about the cart. Hester hastily unyoked Timmy from between the shafts. The snow had now begun to fall in a thick, quiet torrent. As a last thought, she picked up Dick King's cocked hat and cloak and donned both of them for protection.

TOO LATE!

Mounting Timmy, she nudged him outside. She looked back once to see the ponies crouched around the cart where the wounded man lay.

"He'll be safe until I get back, whenever that is!" she thought.

The snow grew ever thicker, but in her journeys with the ponies, the girl had come to know every inch of the New Forest. She made good time along paths untouched as yet by the downpour and shortly came out on the main highway.

"I'll make for the cross-roads," she thought. "That ought to be a good place to hail the coach!"

It was Timmy who saw the danger first and not Hester, with her head bowed against the blinding wall of white flecks. He stopped abruptly and the girl saw that she was too late! Ben Searle and his band had already struck!

The coach was 50 yards off, its side lanterns burning. Two burly figures stood beside it with a line of passengers, faintly seen, their hands in the air. Timmy had spied a third man standing back from the others, holding the reins of three horses. The soft snow had muffled her mount's hooves so that they had almost blundered into the group. As one of the horses whickered softly, the man looked over his shoulder, showing her his startled face.

continued on next page



The Highwaymen

continued from previous page

His hand groped beneath his cloak and came up with a pistol. Hester's heart rose into her throat with sheer fright. Instinctively, she kneed Timmy forward and the horse reared, its fore feet flailing. An iron-shod hoof caught the highwayman a glancing blow on his head and he fell heavily, dropping his weapon. Hester leaped from her saddle, snatched up the pistol and made a grab for the trailing reins of the horses. But they backed away and she was forced to follow, clicking her fingers and hoping that the other two highwaymen would not look around.

INSTANT FLIGHT!

She set her foot on a trailing rein and bent to gather the other two. Then a hoarse voice shouted:

"Jem! What are you doing, matey?
Catch hold!"

As she glanced from beneath the brim of her cocked hat, a small, laden sack sailed towards her and landed at her feet.

"We'll be off in a minute, now that the pigeons are plucked!" came the raucous tones.

Thanks to the hat and cloak, the thieves had taken her for their companion. But her disguise was short-lived. From behind her, the guard had recovered. She saw him plunging through the snow, waving one arm.

"Ben! Arty! It's a girl! Stop her!"

His bull-like bellow brought the two men to the alert. They raced towards her, shouting with rage. Then from behind the guard, Timmy made a rush and banged into the man, sending him on his face in the snow.

Hester shouted and yelled at the other horses which backed and scattered in three different directions. She held the bag in one hand and snatched at

Timmy's mane with the other. She swung herself on to his back and jerked his head away from the stationary coach and the furious bandits. Timmy stretched his legs as if recognising the need for instant flight.

A pistol cracked dully and Hester felt, rather than heard, the lead pellet whistle over her head. Then the darkness and the snow swallowed them up. Behind her, she heard the bandits whistling to their mounts and an outbreak of cries.

"She's got the blunt! She's getting away with it!"

"Then what dolt gave it to her?"

"Stop squabbling! Find the horses and give chase!"

Their horses must be trained to return to their masters and they'll be able to follow our tracks before the snow can fill them in!

These were Hester's rapid thoughts as Timmy ploughed through the snow.

"I must get back to Dick King!" she said aloud. "At least, there's safety in numbers — if I can find him, that is!"

Because of the darkness, she would have galloped past the barn, but for a welcoming whinny from Whitey who came trotting out to meet her. Behind him, limped the still dazed figure of the Bow Street Runner, a hand to his head.

WORK QUICKLY

In a few quick sentences, Hester explained her adventures and handed him the pistol. But half-stunned as he was, he did not seem to grasp what to do next.

"We . . . we could leave under cover of the snow," he said, his voice stumbling on the words. "But we might bump into them and then . . ."

"There is a way!" Hester interrupted. "If we work quickly, we may manage to bluff them and win clear!"

She ran to the cart and lugged out the sacks of hay.

"Whitey!" she called. "I want you to carry this on your back — just for a little while. If you do it, the others won't mind. Over here, boy!"



The animal stood patiently and with the aid of some short lengths of rope from the cart, Hester was able to secure the sack to his back. Dick, imitating her example, did the same with five more ponies.

"I don't see how this can help us," he objected.

"Clap your hat on top of one sack while I drape your cloak around another!" Hester said tensely. "Hurry! They'll be upon us at any moment!"

FADING COURAGE!

Even as she spoke, three horsemen appeared through the swirling flakes on the edge of the clearing. The leader pointed and shouted at his confederates. It was then that Hester in the lead with Dick just behind her, burst from the barn. Dick waved the pistol on high and behind them followed what looked, in the snowy murk, like six mounted riders on slight ponies. The highwaymen came to a sliding halt, their courage rapidly fading.

"She's led us into an ambush!"

"It's a plant, lads! Better lose the loot than our lives!"

As the cavalcade closed on the brigands, Dick fired his pistol and the threatening hum of the bullet decided the highwaymen. They wheeled and putting spurs to their steeds, vanished into the trees.

Hester, breathless and excited, pulled Timmy to a stop and dropped the rope on which she had been leading the other ponies.

She broke into a merry laugh.

"Just as well they broke when they did!" she cried. "Another few seconds and they would have guessed!"

Already the sacks were awry on the backs of the ponies, one trailing in the snow, another dragging at the heels of a second.

"Mistress Hester, you are a marvel!" commented Dick admiringly as he helped the innkeeper's daughter to dismount. "You did the work I should have done and you did it well!"

"But my task is not finished yet," said Hester reprovingly. "Those poor ponies haven't had their hay and that is what I set out to do!"

The coach passengers were delighted to have their stolen property restored and lost no time in telling of their adventures when they reached the next stop. Dick King put in a full report to his superiors, stressing the courage of the young girl and soon Hester found herself the heroine of the area. Ballads were written about her exploit and broadsheets were printed, telling —

THE TRUE AND FAITHFUL HISTORY OF HOW YOUNG HEROIC HESTER MAYHEW OF THE BLACK DOG INN, NEAR THE NEW FOREST, DID PUT TO FLIGHT THE VILLAINOUS HIGHWAYMEN, BEN SEARLE AND HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY GANG OF RUFFIANS!



People came from near and far to catch a glimpse of the famous Hester and for Mr. Mayhew there was no more talk of shifting to Portsmouth. He had quite enough to do coping with the extra trade and telling enquirers:

"Well, now, if you want to see my Hester, you'll have to wait a bit. She's off feeding those blessed ponies of hers!"

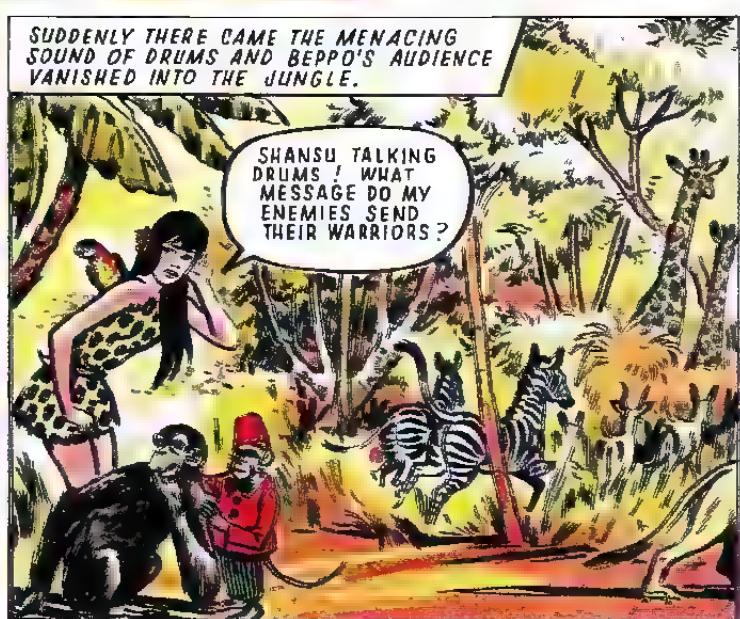
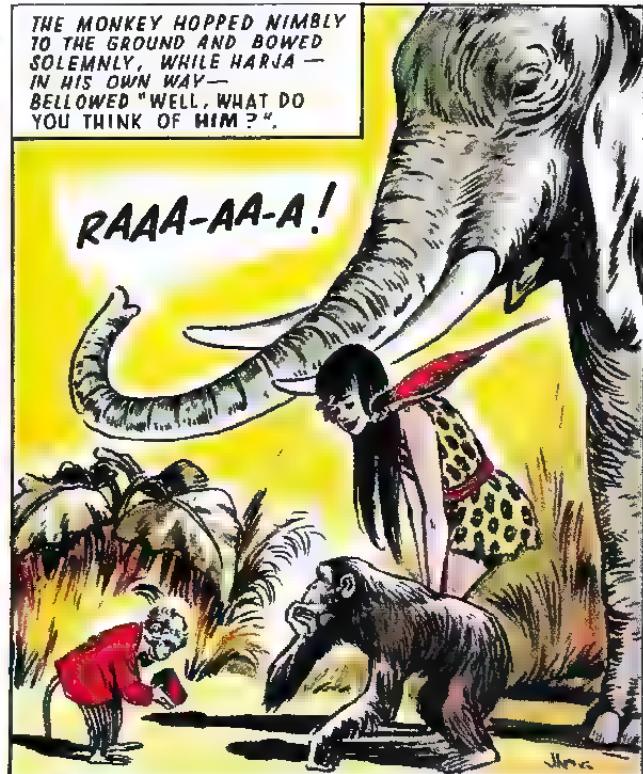
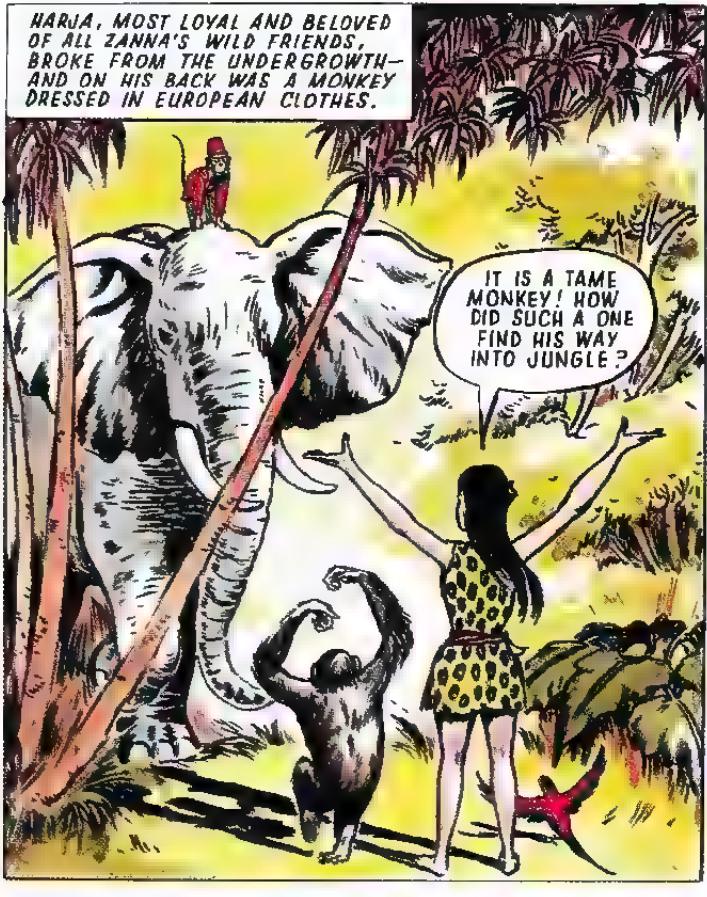
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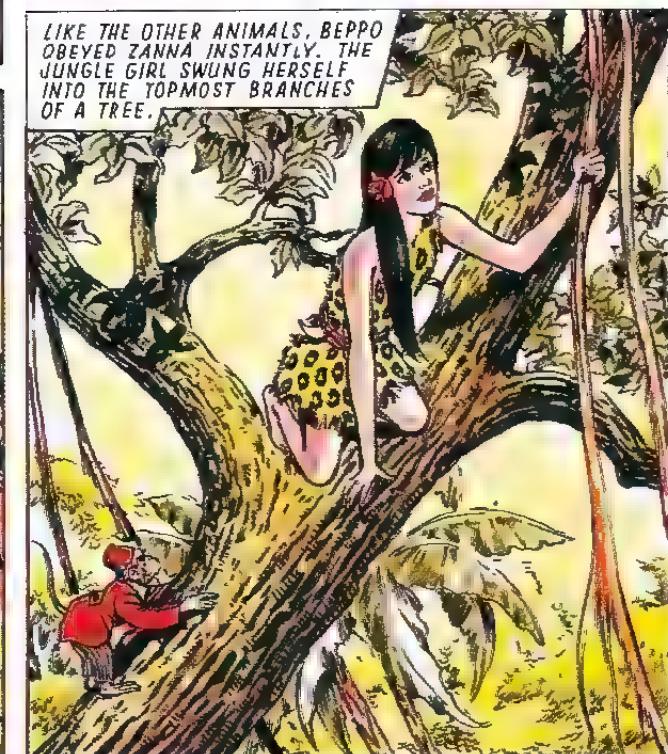
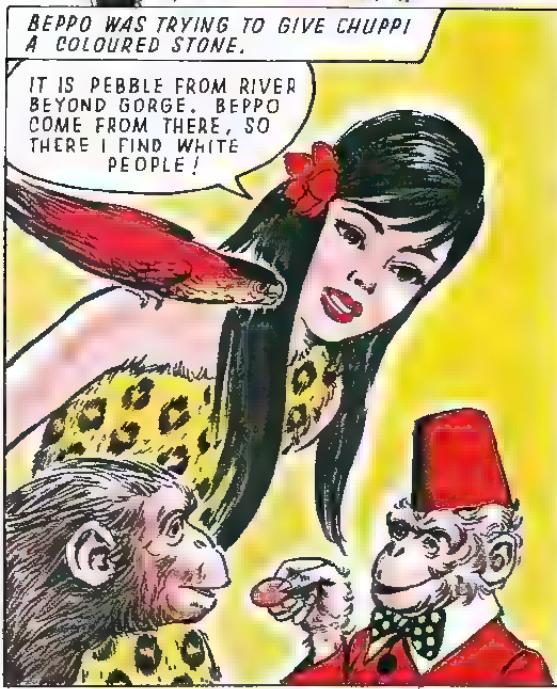
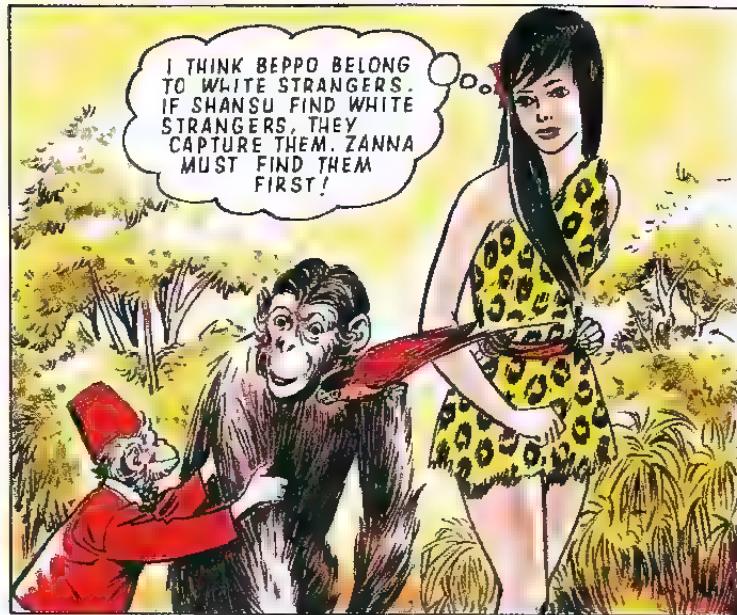
IN THE DEPTHS OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE LIVED A GIRL CALLED ZANNA. THE NATIVE TRIBES CALLED HER THE QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE AND THE WILD BEASTS OBEYED HER EVERY COMMAND. SHE LIVED IN A TREE-HOUSE WITH HER TWO PETS, CHUPPI THE CHIMP AND SUKU THE PARROT.

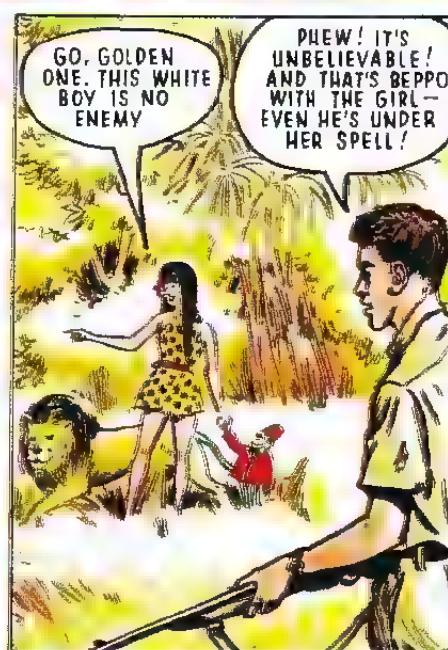
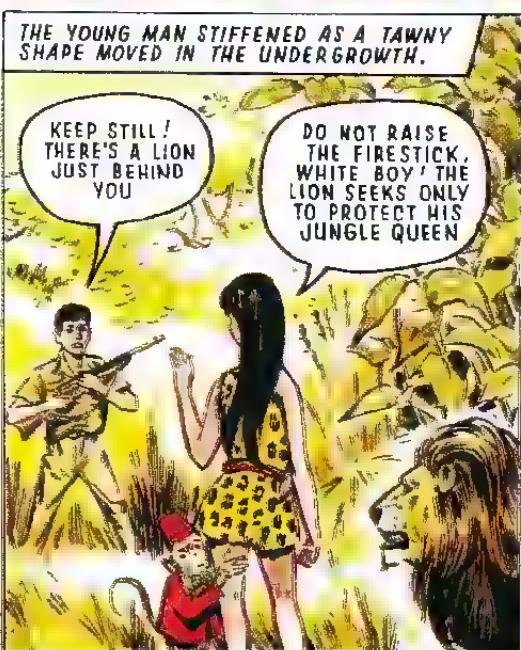
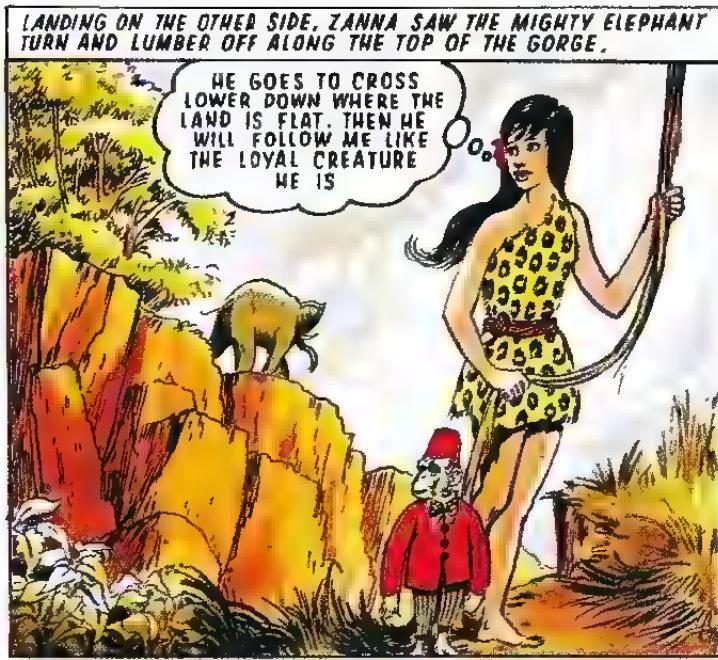
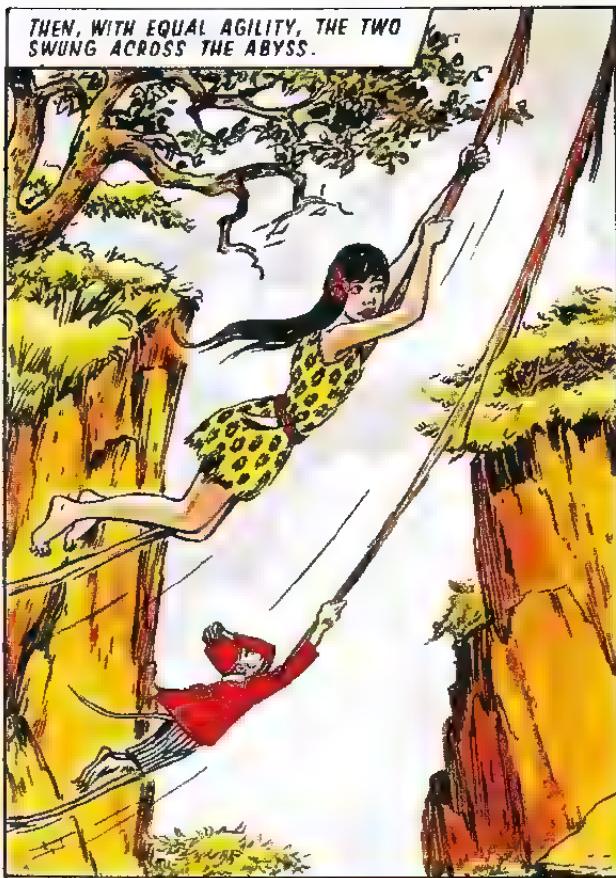
ZANNA of the JUNGLE



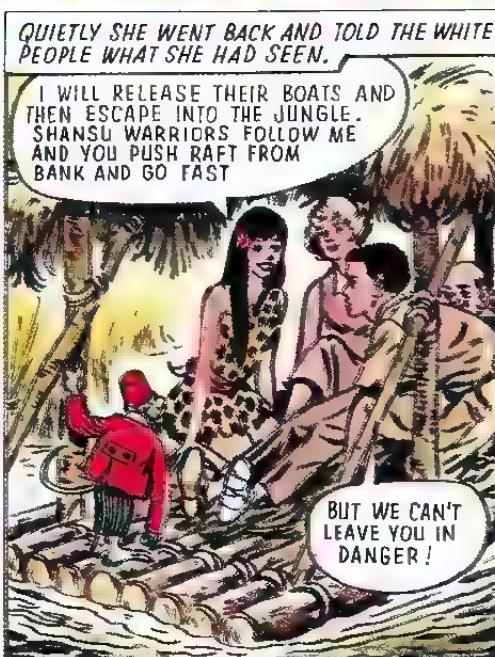
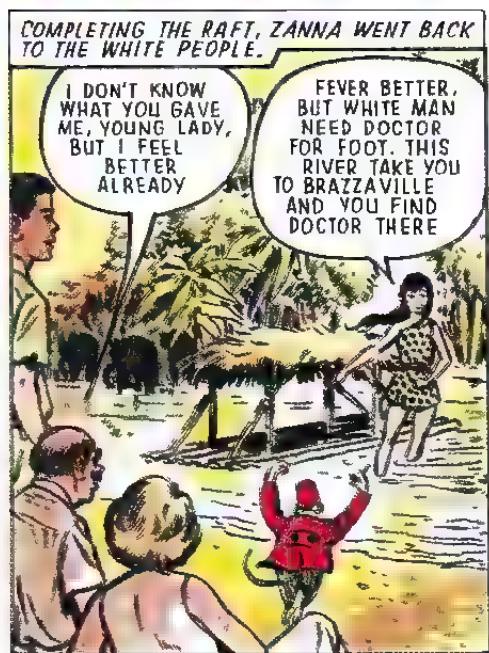
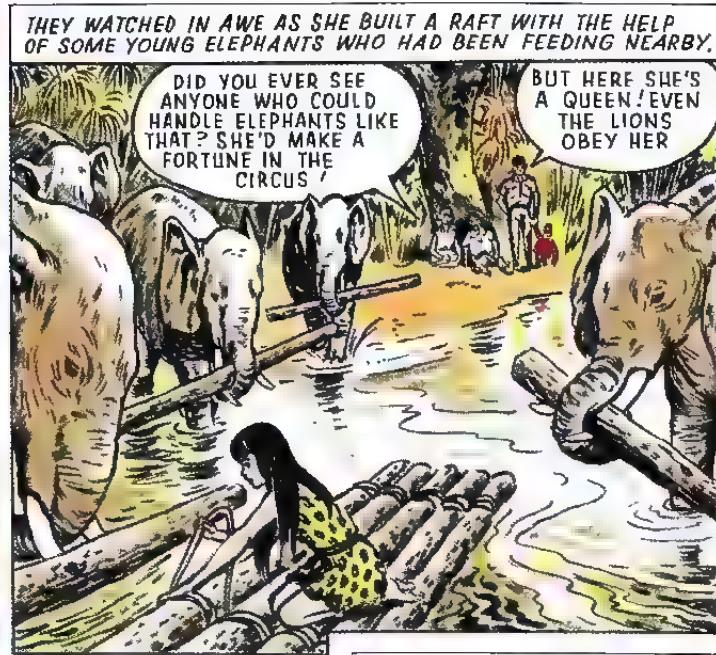
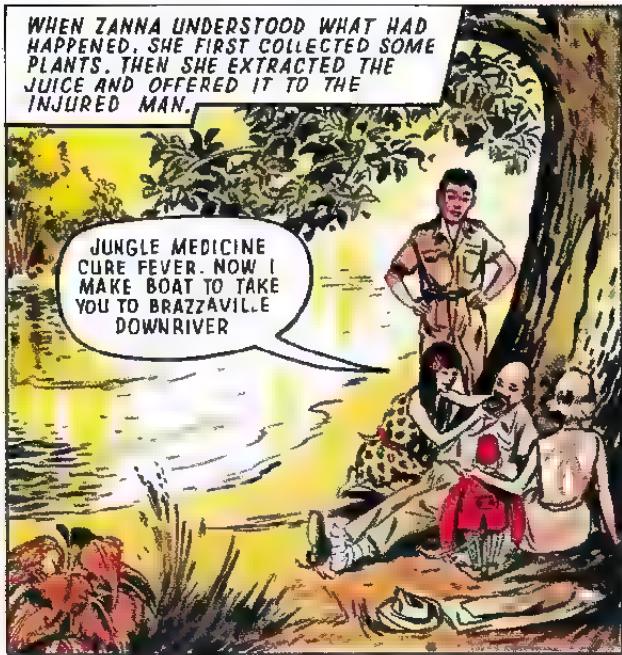


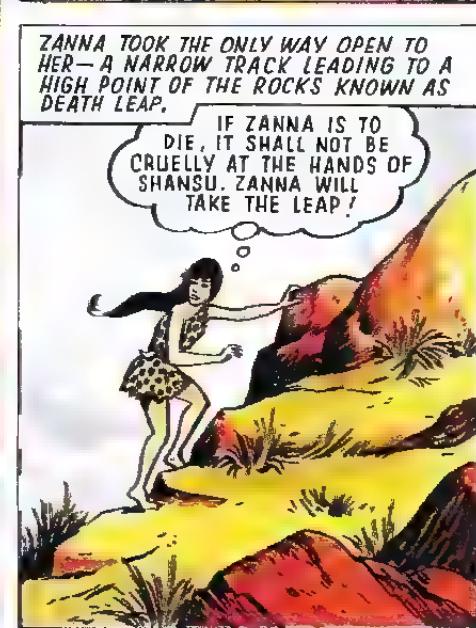
THE SHANSU WERE THE ONLY TRIBE THAT RAISED THEIR SPEARS AGAINST ZANNA AND SHE HAD LEARNT THE LANGUAGE OF THEIR DRUMS LONG SINCE.





THE YOUNG MAN WAS THE PILOT OF A PLANE TAKING A MR. AND MRS. JAMESON TO STAR IN A CIRCUS AT BRAZZAVILLE, BUT THE PLANE DEVELOPED ENGINE TROUBLE AND CRASH-LANDED. MR. JAMESON WAS HURT AND NEEDED A DOCTOR, BUT THEY COULD NOT FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE JUNGLE.





SHE TURNED ON THE VERY BRINK OF THE DIZZY DROP AND LOOKED BACK OVER THE JUNGLE WITH MISTY EYES.

FAREWELL, FRIENDS OF THE JUNGLE! FAREWELL, FAITHFUL HARJA AND CHUPPI AND SUKO! ZANNA, WHO LOVES YOU ALL, MUST LEAVE YOU FOREVER!

THE SHANSU WARRIORS STOPPED AND DREW BACK IN AWE AS SHE FLUNG HERSELF INTO THE VOID.

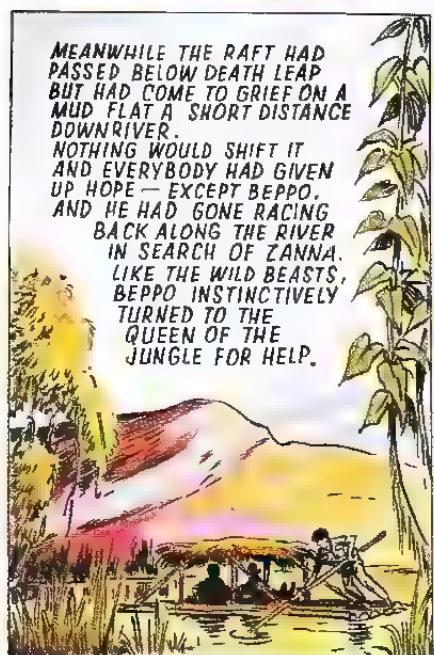


MEANWHILE THE RAFT HAD PASSED BELOW DEATH LEAP BUT HAD COME TO GRIEF ON A MUD FLAT A SHORT DISTANCE DOWNRIVER.

NOTHING WOULD SHIFT IT AND EVERYBODY HAD GIVEN UP HOPE — EXCEPT BEPO, AND HE HAD GONE RACING BACK ALONG THE RIVER IN SEARCH OF ZANNA. LIKE THE WILD BEASTS, BEPO INSTINCTIVELY TURNED TO THE QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE FOR HELP.

AND SO IT WAS THAT BEPO ARRIVED AT THE SPOT BELOW DEATH LEAP JUST AS ZANNA STRUCK THE WATER.

CHIP, CHIP,
CHEEE-EEP!

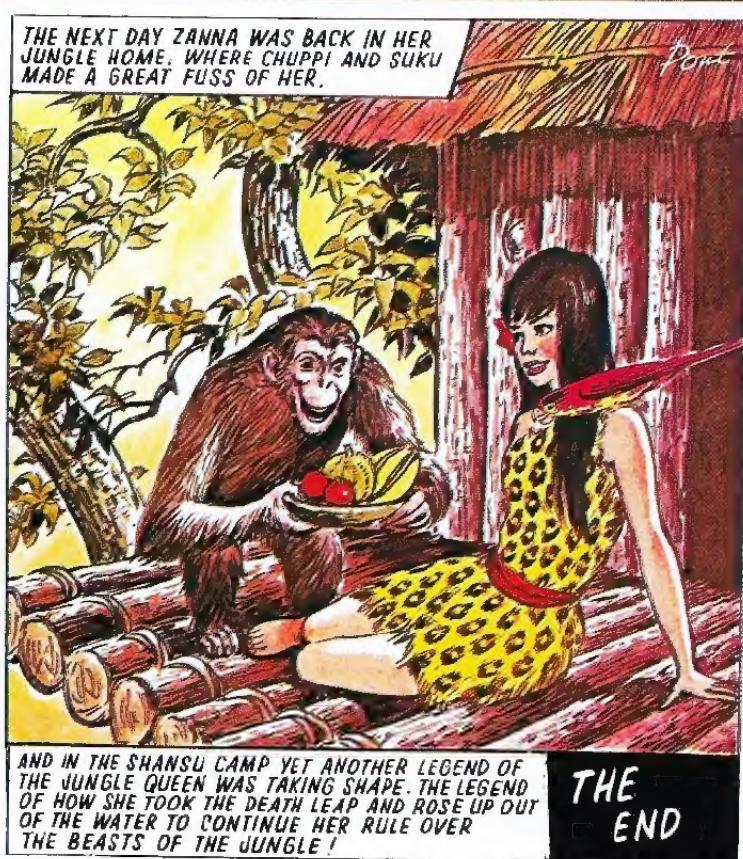
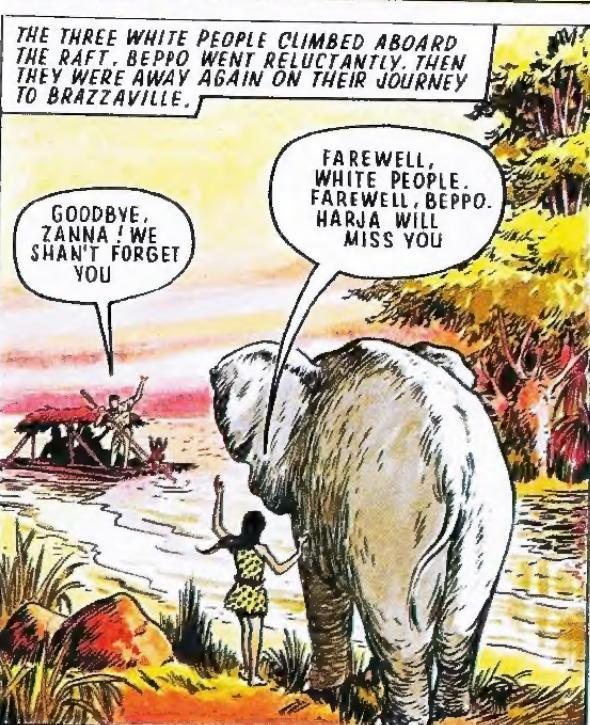
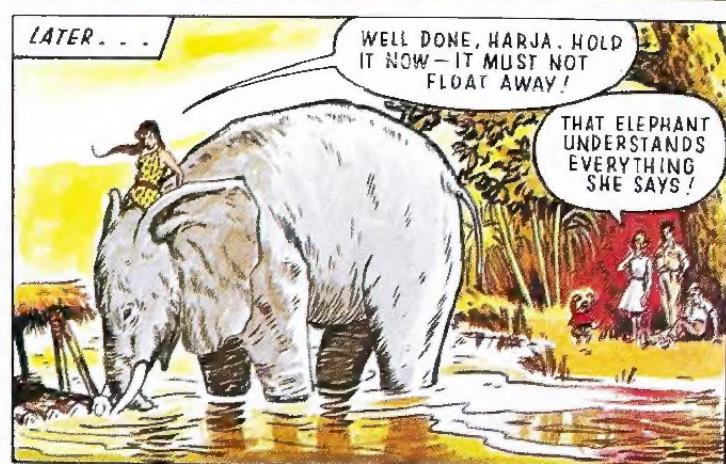
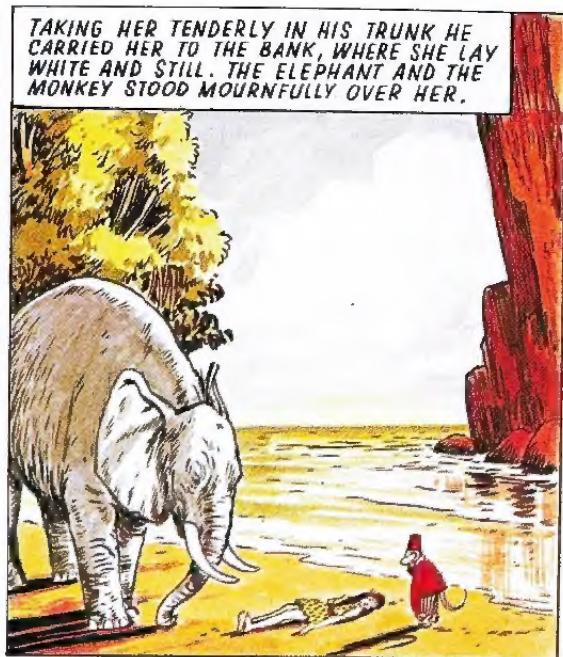
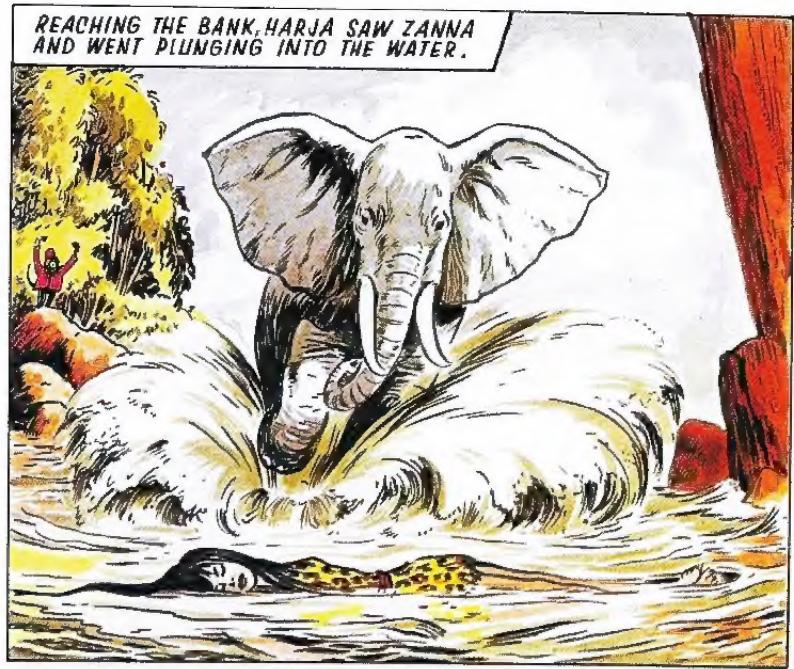


BEPO'S CRIES OF PANIC WERE ANSWERED BY A CALL FROM THE JUNGLE. THEN HARJA APPEARED.



THE LITTLE MONKEY RUSHED ACROSS TO THE HUGE ELEPHANT AND TRIED TO PULL HIM BY THE TRUNK TOWARDS THE RIVER.





A LOOK FOR ALL OCCASIONS

No matter if Sindy has a date for a gala evening on the town, an appointment with her hairdresser or a day out on the beach looking for shells, you can be sure she will have the perfect outfit for the occasion in her fashionable wardrobe. Her grey double-breasted raincoat with matching hat is the

ideal stormy weather cover-up that still cuts a dash in the High Street. And at night, what could be snugger or more attractive than a red and white polka-dot nightdress and matching housecoat — particularly when you have a hot-water bottle to go with it!





A DREAM COME TRUE

A once-in-a-lifetime day calls for a once-in-a-lifetime dress to wear. Sindy's fairy-tale dream of a wedding dress in snowy white lace, complete with lucky horse shoe and bouquet will make quite sure that she remembers that special day for ever and ever. Sindy has beautiful gowns for all those

special occasions when she wants to look her best. Her stunning coffee and cream multi-tiered ball gown with matching velvet choker steals admiring glances wherever she wears it and for more formal occasions, what could be more enchanting than her Regency and Bo-peep outfits?

Sindy

annual
1983

